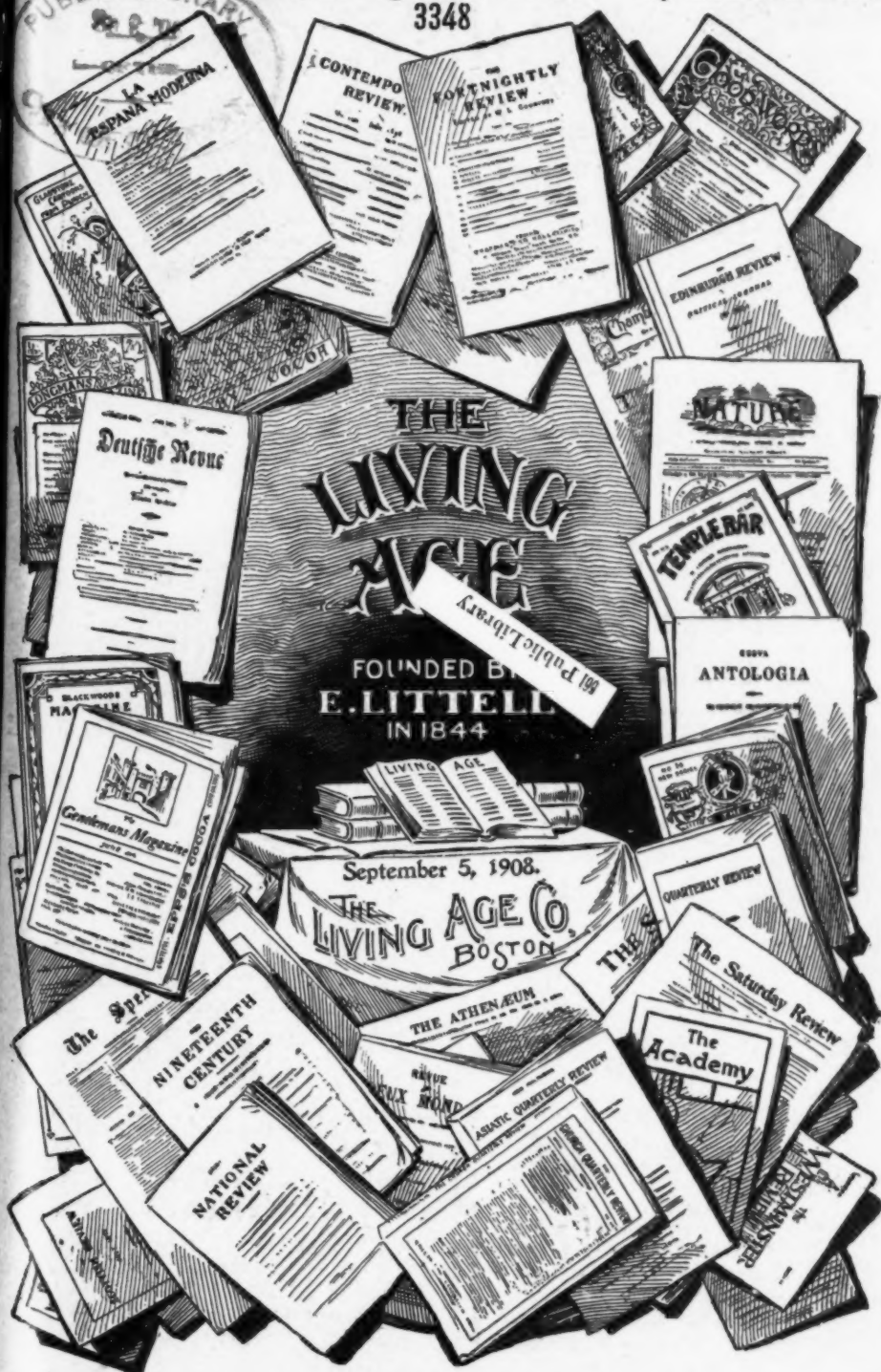


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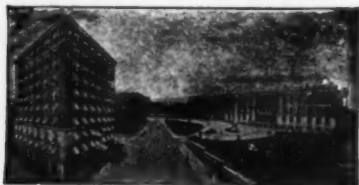
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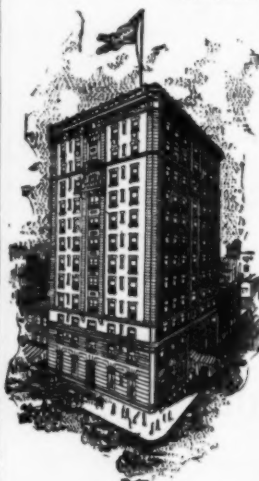
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## THE CALL.

Under what spell are we debased  
By fears for our inviolate Isle,  
Whose record is of dangers faced  
And flung to heel with even smile?  
Is it a vaster force, a subtler guile?

They say Exercitus designs  
To match the famed Salsipotent  
Where on her sceptre she reclines;  
Awake: but were a slumber sent  
By guilty gods, more fell his foul  
intent.

The subtler web, the vaster foe,  
Well may we meet when drilled for  
deeds:

But in these days of wealth at flow,  
A word of breezy warning breeds  
The pained responses seen in lakeside  
reeds.

We fain would stand contemplative,  
All innocent as meadow grass;  
In human goodness fain believe,  
Believe a cloud is formed to pass;  
Its shadows chase with draughts of  
hippocras.

Others have gone; the way they went  
Sweet sunny now, and safe our nest.  
Humanity, enlightenment,  
Against the warning hum protest:  
Let the world hear that we know what  
is best.

So do the beatific speak;  
Yet have they ears, and eyes as well;  
And if not with a paler cheek,  
They feel the shivers in them dwell,  
That something of a dubious future  
tell.

For huge possessions render slack  
The power we need to hold them  
fast;  
Save when a quickened heart shall  
make  
Our people one, to meet what blast  
May blow from temporal heavens  
overcast.

Our people one! Nor they with  
strength  
Dependent on a single arm:  
Alert, and braced the whole land's  
length,

Rejoicing in their manhood's charm  
For friend or foe; to succor, not to  
harm.

Has ever weakness won esteem?  
Or counts it as a prized ally?  
They who have read in History deem  
It ranks among the slavish fry  
Whose claim to live justiciary Fates  
deny.

It cannot be declared we are  
A nation till from end to end  
The land can show such front to war  
As bids a crouching foe expend  
His ire in air, and preferably be friend.

We dreading him, we do him wrong;  
For fears discolor, fears invite.  
Like him, our task is to be strong;  
Unlike him, claiming not by might  
To snatch an envied treasure as a  
right.

So may a stouter brotherhood  
At home be signalled over sea  
For righteous, and be understood,  
Nay, welcomed, when 'tis shown that  
we  
All duties have embraced in being free.

This Britain slumbering, she is rich;  
Lies placid as a cradled child;  
At times with an uneasy twitch,  
That tells of dreams unduly wild.  
Shall she be with a foreign drug de-  
filed?

The grandeur of her deeds recall;  
Look on her face so kindly fair:  
This Britain! and were she to fall,  
Mankind would breathe a harsher  
air.

The nations miss a light of leading  
rare.

*George Meredith.*  
The Oxford and Cambridge Review.

## THE SUM OF LOSS.

The sum of loss I have not reckoned  
yet,  
I cannot tell  
For ever it was morning when we met,  
Night when we bade farewell!

*Mary E. Coleridge.*



## THE LITERARY INDEBTEDNESS OF ENGLAND TO FRANCE.\*

M. Yves Guyot, in the singularly interesting address which he recently gave to the Alliance Franco-Britannique, and which was printed last month in these columns, in reviewing the intellectual relations between his countrymen and ourselves, dwelt so exclusively on the indebtedness of France to England that courtesy as well as justice seemed to demand that the balance should be adjusted. And that it might with propriety be adjusted by some English member of the Alliance appeared obvious. I fear I have little new to say, and if I weary you with what is trite and familiar I hope the occasion and the object with which I recall what I shall have to recall will secure me indulgence. We all rejoice in the movement of which the Entente Cordiale and the White City are the expression, but of the ties which bind France and England together the strongest is that which M. Yves Guyot so fully illustrated, and on which he so eloquently insisted, namely, their mutual obligations in what relates to the humanities. But of these mutual obligations, while he enlarged on their importance, he left the account unsettled. The debt of France to England was duly calculated and presented, but the debt of England to France was undefined and unindicated. It is that side of the account which I have been asked to present. You smile, I smile, we all smile at the hopelessness of any attempt to deal adequately with such a theme as this in the time at my disposal. M. Guyot lamented the impossibility of presenting and illustrating even in outline within the compass of a single lecture the na-

ture and extent of the direct indebtedness of the literature of his country to that of England. What was an impossibility in relation to his theme becomes not merely an impossibility, but sheer absurdity, in relation to mine, so manifold, so all-pervading, so immense is the debt of our literature to that of France.

It would be no exaggeration to say that from the dawn of our national literature in the thirteenth century almost to the time of the Renaissance, the literature of Southern and Northern France was to us all and even more than the literature of ancient Greece was to that of Rome. Between Layamon and Chaucer no important species of literature appeared in England which was not of French origin, and which was not inspired and moulded by French models. The definition of the English language and literature may be said to have been gradually accomplished during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, during a period, that is to say, when our French conquerors were intellectually and in education the dominating powers in this country. From the accession of Edward the Confessor—his mother, you will remember, was a French princess and he had himself been educated and had spent twenty-seven years of his life at the Norman Court—Normans in great numbers had come over and settled here in influential positions. From the Battle of Hastings in 1066, the natives, a mixture of Celtic, Germanic and Scandinavian tribes, torn by internal feuds, deep in ignorance, barbarism, and degeneracy, had been reduced to complete impotence; their language degraded into a mere *patois*, and abandoned contemptuously to serfs, rustics, and such people as do not

\*An address delivered to the Alliance Franco-Britannique at Strathallan House, in London, in reply to M. Yves Guyot's address to the same Society, printed in *The Living Age* for August 1, 1906.

count; their once vigorous and flourishing literature tabooed and forgotten, not again to become regarded till six centuries had passed, and then only by philologists and scholars. At the Court, among the nobility and gentry, in the monasteries, wherever education, wherever culture, wherever any pretension to social refinement, wherever government, wherever religion were represented, French everywhere prevailed. In the time of the early Plantagenets the ordinary imprecation of a French gentleman was "May I become an Englishman!" the ordinary form of angry denial "Do you take me for an Englishman?" It was the policy of the Conqueror to conciliate his new subjects, and with this view and for other reasons as well he encouraged marriages between the English heiresses and the adventurers who won the country for him. His son pursued the same policy, himself setting the example by marrying a native princess, and that these marriages, at least with Englishwomen of position and consequence, became common there is abundant evidence to show. That the fusion of the races should have been rapid and easy is not difficult to explain, but it need not be explained here; suffice it to say that at the end of Henry II.'s reign a contemporary records that the two nations, the English and French, had become so thoroughly blended (*permistæ*) that it would be difficult to say in the case of freemen who was originally French and who originally Saxon.

Nor should we forget that it was both with the South and with the North of France that England was in close communion, that it was with the literature of the Langue d'Oc provinces and with the literature of the Langue d'Oïl that our minstrels and poets were brought into intimate relationship. Our Henry II. was the ruler of a far greater portion of France than the

royal Capet himself, and during his reign came streaming over the troubadours, the trouvères, the jongleurs, who were creating, or who were the disciples of those who were creating, the poetry of Southern and Northern France. The marriage of our Henry III. with Eleanor of Provence—both of them enthusiastic patrons of poetry—filled the English Court with the most brilliant artists of the *chanson* in all its varieties, of the *ballade*, of the *tensons*, of all those species of poetry which, originating from the Provençal School, were, variously modified by various influences, to be transformed much later into some of the most important forms of our lyrical poetry. Meanwhile the fusion of the two races, native and French, was progressing apace, and the French factor, if we may so express it, in the creation of the English nationality was soon to be fixed and limited. This was the work mainly of the Barons' Wars in Henry III.'s reign, of the consolidating policy of Edward I., and of the wars of Edward III., which finally welded Anglo-Frenchmen and Anglo-Saxons into one compact and mighty nation. Thus bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh were the kinsmen of many hundred thousands of the ancestors and progenitors of modern France, for let us remember that for nearly three centuries this fusion, and that not with the descendants of the original invaders only, but with continually arriving immigrants from nearly every province in France, was proceeding.

It is in the ethnographical constitution of nations that the key to the characteristics of their literature is to be found; what ply their literary activity takes, what modifies it, what it absorbs, what it assimilates, mainly depend on the factors in this constitution. And in estimating the nature and extent of the indebtedness of our literature to France it has been neces-

sary to dwell on these points of genealogy because it will explain what would otherwise be inexplicable. Now there are one or two very important questions which do not directly concern us in this particular inquiry, and I will refer to them at once. First, the extraordinary phenomenon that, ubiquitous as was the domination of French wherever culture and literature were represented, one of its effects being, as we have seen, to degrade our vernacular into a mere *patois*, yet that vernacular held its own, being practically unaffected by French till the age of Chaucer, nearly three hundred years after the Conquest, and not merely held its own, but ended by absorbing the French and becoming our national language, so that in our Bible no less than about 94 per cent. of the words used are purely native, in Shakespeare about 90, in Tennyson about 88. And secondly, how it came to pass that as our poetry and prose developed the more potent English elements in our temper and character completely absorbed the French, and created a literature the distinguishing characteristics of which stand in most striking and remarkable contrast to the literature of France. With these questions, as I said, we are not here concerned, though they must be noticed. We are concerned here only with our direct and definite debt to France, first to our Norman invaders and those other Frenchmen who came over with them, and, above all, to the French who for several generations continued to succeed them; and, secondly, to those French writers who have in each generation since been in various ways influential on our literature.

So immense, both directly and indirectly, ever since we became a nation has been our intellectual debt to France that any detailed account of it is, of course, out of the question. It may be said with truth that what the Greek

language and Athens were in imperial times to the Romans, the French language and the chief centres of culture in France have since the middle of the thirteenth century been to cultivated Englishmen. In that century the most popular university in the world was the University of Paris. Roger Bacon studied there, Grossetête studied there, and Bacon and Grossetête were but the first of a long and distinguished dynasty of English philosophers and scholars who were proud to enroll themselves among its students.

Of our national literature the French were the fathers. From the Norman Conquest and its direct effects the real history of that literature begins. All intellectual activity originated and took its ply from our new masters. It was they who brought this country into contact with every humane movement on the Continent, with all that had been achieved in theology, in philosophy, in *belles-lettres*, and it was their successors who kept us in touch with all that was being achieved. When our vernacular literature revived, it revived either in purely Gallicized forms or in forms so modified by Gallic influence that it was a new creation. The greater part of our poetry between the appearance of Layamon's *Brut*, about the beginning of the thirteenth century, and the appearance of Chaucer, consists of translations, imitations, or adaptations of the *Chansons de gestes* and of the *Laies* and *Fabliaux*. Thus the poem referred to, Layamon's *Brut*, the first important monument of English as distinguished from Anglo-Saxon literature,—the work with which our literature may be said to begin was not only inspired by Wace's *Brut d'Angleterre*, but was an enlarged and paraphrastic version of it. In all the immense literature of the Metrical Romances there is not one which is not either a translation or an adaptation of one of the *Chansons de gestes*. From

the *Roman de Thèbes* springs the important Theban cycle which culminated in Lydgate's *Storie of Thebes*. From the *Roman de Troie* sprang the great Trojan cycle, to which the genesis of Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida*, though deriving immediately from Boccaccio, of Lydgate's *Troy Book* and of Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* is ultimately to be referred. To French genius we are mainly indebted for the magnificent cycle of the Arthurian Romances, at least in the forms in which they have been influential on our literature. In the *Merlin* and in the *Suite de Merlin* we have the main source of the Merlin cycle; from the *Conte del Graal* of Chrétien de Troyes from the *Quête del St. Graal* and the *Joseph of Arimathea* we have the main source of the Graal cycle. The *Quête*, the *Romance of Launcelot*, and the *Morte Arthur* are indeed attributed to a Welshman, but of French temper, he was probably of French descent, and certainly wrote in French. The beautiful Tristram cycle tradition assigns to Héli de Borron, Lucès de Gast, and Chrétien de Troyes. To Chrétien we certainly owe the charming romance of *Enid and Geraint*. But our debt to France in relation to these glorious legends does not end here. There is no more precious book in our literature than the Romance which resuscitated and gave modern currency to them, the *Morte D'Arthur* of Sir Thomas Malory, the work on which Spenser drew so largely, which all but inspired Milton to found an epic upon it, and which gave us Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. Now the charm of Malory lies mainly in the marvellous way in which he preserves the race and flavor of all that is most captivating in the French originals. In his prose sounds again the note, the often quite magical note of the *Quête del St. Graal*. French was the original of the fine old romance of *King Horn*. French, too, the romances of

*Richard Cœur de Lion*, of *Guy of Warwick*, of *Bevis of Northampton*, and to the *Lai de Aveloc* we owe *Havelock the Dane*. But to particularize further would be tedious. "In Frenshhe Bookys this rym is wrought," says some anonymous English minstrel, after enumerating the chief cycles of Romance. To the influence of the Provençal School we owe that remarkable poem *The Owl and the Nightingale*, as well as *The Throstle and Nightingale*, and many of the love-songs accessible in Wright's Collection, and such poems as the charming *Winter Song* and the beautiful lyric written by Thomas de Hales. The *Fabliau* was naturalized for us in such poems as *Dame Sirez* and the *Land of Cockayne*, and the *Lai* in such poems as the English version of the beautiful *Lai le Fresne* of Marie of France, and the charming story of *Orfeo and Heurodis*. Thus ubiquitous, thus all-pervading was the influence of French on our pre-Chaucerian poetry in relation to its material, to its tone, and to its form. And what is true of our poetry is true of our prose literature. The most valuable part of that literature is in Latin; the only important work in the vernacular is the *Ancrén Riule*; the first sprang directly from French culture, and was for the most part the work of men of French descent; if the second was of native growth, it is to no native source that its predominating characteristics can be traced.

With Chaucer classical English poetry begins. It would be no exaggeration to say that he, the father of our poetry, was at least two-thirds French. French by name, French no question by descent, pre-eminently French in temper; here, in very truth, is the *esprit gaulois*, the *bonhomie*, the grace, the radiance, the charm; his models, his masters, were purely French; of our earlier native literature Chaucer had probably never read a line and per-

haps scarcely heard. He began by translating a large portion of the *Roman de la Rose*, and the influence of that work penetrates his minor poems. Whatever the *House of Fame* may have owed to Dante it owed infinitely more to the *Roman de la Rose*. The *Boke of the Duchesse* is purely French. The new note which had been struck by Froissart in such poems as the *Espinette Amoureuse* and the *Buisson de Jeunesse* vibrates here and throughout his poetry. His charming balades are closely modelled on those of Deschamps and Froissart. One of the most beautiful of his minor poems, the *A. B. C.*, is translated from Guillaume Deguilville. On the *Laies* and *Fabliaux* were modelled the *Canterbury Tales*, ten of which at least owe their plots to French originals. His metres are nearly all French; from Machault he transferred the heroic couplet into our language, certainly one of our most precious debts to France. Undoubtedly French traits in Chaucer were crossed and modified by Teutonic, just as in his work as a poet he owed much to Italy, but all was subordinate to what was French in him. To his French strain he owes his charm, to his French strain his limitations. Would we realize what our early poetry owes to France we have only to compare such native growths as the *Vision of Piers Plowman* with the *Canterbury Tales*. In mere genius, perhaps, Langland is Chaucer's equal, but in expression how barbarous, how cumbrous, how uncouth. One of the most charming poems of the fifteenth century, the *Flower and the Leaf*, so long attributed to Chaucer, drew its inspiration from the French school, and was, indeed, founded on two poems by Eustace Deschamps. Even more French than Chaucer, for the strain in this poet is undiluted, is Gower. In his *Speculum Meditantis*, lately discovered by his latest editor, Mr. Macaulay, under the title of the

*Mirour de l'Omme*, he not only faithfully reproduces all that is most characteristic of French mediæval didactic poetry, but reproduces it in French itself. In his *Clinkante Balades*, which are modelled on those of Deschamps and Froissart, he rivals these poets in their own language. In his one English poem, the *Confessio Amantis*, Benoit de Sainte Maure and Chrétien de Troyes may be said to live again. In the one other narrative poem of that age which is worth considering, the *Bruce* of the Scotchman Barbour, we have again the pure French note, the note of the *Roman de Troie*, of the *Roman de Thèbes*.

If the father of English poetry is two-thirds French, the father of English prose, as we have so long been taught to regard him, Sir John Maundeville, simply resolves himself into two Frenchmen. It is now placed beyond doubt that the famous *Travels of Sir John Maundeville* were, together with their supposed hero, the pure inventions of two French citizens of Liège, Jean de Bourgoyne and Jean d'Outre Meuse. To their genius we owe the creation of one of the most picturesque figures in the history of our national literature and what for upwards of six centuries has been supposed to be the first classical work in English prose. "And we shull understand that I have put this booke out of Latin into French and translated it agen out of French into English that every man of my nation may understand it,"—so runs the sublime audacity of this inimitable hoax. What we have is simply an English version by some anonymous translator of a work concocted either in Latin or French or possibly in both, by de Bourgoyne and Jean d'Outre Meuse out of books of travel then current. But it is much more than a compilation. In the hero Maundeville we have a creation second to none in the whole gallery of mediæval fiction, at once a full-length portrait of Chaucer's



knight, and an adumbration of More's *Hythlodæ* and Swift's *Gulliver*.

To France we owe our early drama and the first play known to have been written in England, the *Ludus de Sanctâ Catherinâ*, unfortunately destroyed the night before it was to have been represented at St. Albans, about 1119, was almost certainly modelled on the Mysteries of Hilarius, a pupil of Abelard at Paraclete. All the early plays appear to have been of French origin. A vernacular drama generally pursues an independent course, but there can be little doubt that during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the French *mystères*, *soïes* and *farces* exercised a very appreciable, if only occasional, influence on our popular drama. This is certain: that in every form which that popular drama assumed we had been anticipated by the French. They had formulated the liturgical drama, the mystery, the morality, the interlude. The Chester plays, for example, are interpolated with French, and it is very probable that they were founded on French originals, and particularly the *Mystère du Vieil Testament*. The author of one of the best of the moralities, *The Castle of Perseverance*, was certainly acquainted with the *Moralité de Mundus, Caro, &c.*, and the general resemblances to be found in our moralities and interludes to such pieces as the *Maitre Pierre Pathelin* and the *Farce de Cuvier* were, we may be sure, not accidental.

Of the popularity of French literature at the end of the fifteenth century—of its influence on our own poetry and on that of Scotland during that century, I have not space to dwell—and of the influence it continued to exercise, we have sufficient proof that of the sixty-four works which, according to Ellis's estimate, issued from Caxton's press, no less than twenty-seven were translations from the French.

As we near the threshold of the Elizabethan age we are confronted with that singularly interesting poem which marks with such extraordinary preciseness the transition from the mediæval to the Renaissance world, namely, Hawes's *Historie of Graunde Amour and La Belle Pucelle*. Hawes no doubt drew more immediately on Chaucer and Lydgate than on Chaucer's and Lydgate's French masters, but nothing could illustrate more clearly and strikingly how the influence of the Provençal school affected the evolution of our poetry and initiated the process which, combined with other influences, gradually transformed the poetry characteristic of Chaucer and his followers into the *Faerie Queene*.

With the poets who ushered in the Elizabethan age—the authors of the *Mirror for Magistrates* and the "Company of Courtly Makers"—the predominating influences were not French, but even here in Surrey, in Wyatt, and in other contributors to Tottel's *Miscellany*, we have, particularly in the shorter lyric, emphatically blended with Italian, and in Wyatt's case with Spanish, the French note. We find the *rondeau*, the *virelay*, and other forms of French lyric. But contemporary with them was one poet, Skelton, in whom the genius of Alain Chartier lived again, and who, anticipating Rabelais, is perhaps the nearest approach in the sheer pure *esprit gaulois* to him existing in our literature. With the poems and the writings generally of Chartier it is clear that Skelton was thoroughly conversant. The *Bouge of Court* might have been written by Chartier; so might the *Garlande of Laurell*. On Chartier's verse is plainly modelled the versification of his most characteristic satirical poems, and it is clear also that he was familiar with the *Dits* of Rutebeuf.

In the Elizabethan age the Greek, Latin, and Italian literatures were un-



doubtedly the predominating influences, and yet the influence of French, particularly in poetry, was far more direct and extensive than is commonly supposed. Indeed, I am inclined to think that careful investigation might show that French influence is scarcely second in importance to Italian. Much has undoubtedly been attributed to Italy which belongs to France; but, exact estimate is exceedingly difficult, as the three literatures, for the most part under classical control, were proceeding on parallel lines. It is beyond question that the poets of the Pleiad, and such other poets as Marot, Jean Bertaut, Philippe des Portes, Maurice Scève, Guillaume des Autels, Hugues Salel, and Salluste du Bartas, had great influence on our lyric and sonnet literature. The enthusiasm with which Spenser speaks of du Bellay, one series of whose sonnets he has translated twice, and whom he imitates in his own *Visions of the World's Vanity*, is well known.

Bellay, first garland of free Poesie  
That France brought forth tho' fruitful  
    of brave wits,  
Well worthy thou of immortalitie.

Two of Marot's Eclogues he has imitated and adapted in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, while many of the lyrics in these poems are plainly modelled on those of the Pleiad, particularly on those of Reme Belleau. With du Bellay Spenser associates du Bartas:—

And after thee 'gins Bartas high to  
    raise  
His heavenly muse th' Almighty to  
    adore.

On our poetry the *Divine Somaine*, chiefly through Silvester's English version, had for more than one generation quite extraordinary influence. It would be an exaggeration to say, as Dunster contended, that it furnished Milton

with the *prima stamina* of *Paradise Lost*, but there can be little doubt that it furnished him with the germ of much in his minor poems, and even in *Paradise Lost*, notably with that noble invocation to light which opens the third book. It affected our poetry chiefly through Silvester's version, but so extensively that adequate illustration would require a treatise. To Marot's version of the Psalms we owe, as the translators have informed us, the first suggestion of our own. And in speaking of translations let us not forget what we owe to Jean Froissart through his translator, Lord Berners, and what we owe to Jacques Amyot through his translator, Thomas North. The first gave an enormous impulse to historical composition, and thus, as Marsh says, "laid the foundation of an entire and very prominent branch of native literature"; to Amyot's noble version of Plutarch we owe our own, and to our own the immense influence which Plutarch has exercised on our literature, and, most important result of all, Shakespeare's Roman plays. Many of the Elizabethan lyrics are direct imitations of French originals: the sonnet literature is penetrated with French influence, and, indeed, it may be said with truth that Ronsard, du Bellay, Maurice Scève, de Balf, Desportes, Claude de Pontoux, and others had, as Mr. Sidney Lee has pointed out, far more direct influence on our sonnet poetry than any Italian poet had. On the drama the French influence was not great, and yet the tragedies of Jodelle Garnier and Hardi were well known. Kyd translated Garnier's *Cornelie* and Lady Pembroke his *Marc Antoine*.

But it is when we come to the influence of Montaigne that we realize how deep was the indebtedness, not only of the Elizabethan age, but of subsequent ages in our literature, to France. M. Philarète Chasles, Mr.

Feis, and Mr. Robertson have proved beyond doubt that Shakespeare had carefully studied the Essays, if not in French, which is not impossible, at least in Florio's version. It is, indeed, not improbable that Montaigne may have had a very important effect on him. Certain it is that during the period intervening between the first and second quarto of *Hamlet*, that is, between 1603 and 1604, Shakespeare was especially attracted by the questions which are Montaigne's favorite themes; that his speculation often took the same ply and color as Montaigne's, and that his work was intellectually enriched, not so much by what was immediately derived from the Essays, as by what was suggested by them. It may have been the influence of Montaigne which led him to transform *Hamlet* from what was little more than a historical play into the profound philosophic drama which we have now. It is not fanciful to see in *Hamlet*, a character practically created between 1603, the date at which Florio's version of the Essays appeared, and 1604, the reflection of what the poet's dramatic instinct must have discerned in Montaigne himself; nor is it unduly fanciful to see in Horatio and in Horatio's relation to *Hamlet*, as well as in his contrasted personality, an analogy to Montaigne's portrait of La Boétie. It would be no exaggeration to say that the direct influence of Montaigne on English literature, on Bacon, on Burton, on Cowley, on Sir Thomas Browne, on Swift, on Pope, and on many others, could not be exhausted in a stout octavo volume. The influence of the *Apology for Raimond Sebonde* alone has been prodigious. To Montaigne's immediate predecessor, Rabelais, almost made our own by the inimitable version of the first three books by Urquhart, we owe, less directly perhaps, almost as much, among our many debts being the Academy of Lagado in *Gulli-*

*ver's Travels*, the education of young Martin in Arbuthnot's *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*, and many of the most telling whimsies and touches in *Tristram Shandy*. There can be little doubt that Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* owed its suggestion and many of its details to some translation of Guillaume de Guilville's *Pèlerinage de l'Homme*, or to some chapbook deriving from it, for in addition to the version printed by Caxton there appear to have been several others.

It is not easy to define exactly what our literature owed to France, when, superficially regarded, its debt seemed greatest; for this reason: between about the latter half of the seventeenth century and the first quarter of the eighteenth, the French and English literatures were proceeding on lines so exactly parallel that not only could school be confronted with school, but writer with writer, and they were for the most part following independently, and with almost servile closeness, the same models, the Latin classics. Still, for all that the French led, and there can be no doubt at all that the transformation of the Elizabethan and post-Elizabethan literature into that of the schools of the Restoration and "Augustan" age, was very largely due to French influence. Pope's lines, paraphrasing what Horace said of Greece, are well known:—

We conquered France, but felt our captive's charms  
Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms;  
Britain to soft refinements less a foe  
Wit grew polite and numbers learn'd to flow.

De Quincey scoffs at this as pure sophistry, denying that our literature had any "French age" at all. But what are the facts? Between the first decade of the seventeenth century and the foundation of the Academy in 1637,

the influence of du Vair, of Vaugelas, of Guez de Balzac in prose, of Malherbe and his school in verse, and of the Précieuses generally in both, may be said to have created the new literature, to have initiated what was to be completed and carried to perfection in the Grand Siècle. During these years and onwards through our "Augustan" age not a step was taken in France which was not followed in England. What du Vair, what Balzac, what Vaugelas did for French prose, Hobbes, Cowley, Sprat, Temple initiated in our prose. Hobbes visited Paris two or three times, Cowley resided there, and both Sprat and Temple were intimately familiar with French. What Malherbe was to the new poetry in France, Waller was to the new poetry in England, and Waller had resided for some years in Paris. There is therefore every presumption that the transformation of the literature characteristic of the Elizabethan and post-Elizabethan period into that characteristic of the Restoration and Augustan age was mainly due to France.

But to come to points about which there can be no doubt. To the mingled influence of the tragedies of Corneille, of Racine, of Quinault, and of the heroic romances of Honoré d'Urfé, of Gomberville, of Calprenède, and of the Scuderys, we owe the rhymed heroic tragedies which, carried to perfection by Dryden, dominated our tragic stage for some fifteen years. And even when tragedy assumed its more legitimate form, as it did in Dryden's *All for Love* and *Don Sebastian*, as it did in the tragedies of Otway and Lee, and as it did subsequently in the tragedies characteristic of the Augustan age, such as Addison's *Cato*, the predominating note is French. It is remarkable that when Gray designed a tragedy on the subject of Agrippina—a fragment of which has been preserved in his works—he deliberately preferred Racine to Shakespeare

as a model. No doubt the transition from the Elizabethan prose comedy to the comedy characteristic of the Restoration is marked by the comedies of Fletcher and Shirley, but it was the influence of Molière and the school of Molière which completed the transition. Nothing, it is true, could be less like the temper of Molière and his school than the genius of our Restoration comic drama, so sombre, so trenchant, so coarse, so obscene; yet it is the offspring of French comedy formally, and in all its most attractive traits. But in other respects how immense is its debt to France. Take Wycherley: *Love in a Wood* draws largely both on the *Ecole des Maris* and the *Ecole des Femmes*. Without the *Ecole des Femmes* we should certainly not have had *The Gentleman Dancing Master*. *The Country Wife* is indebted for its ground-work and some of its best touches to the *Ecole des Femmes*. The hero of the *Plain Dealer* is a loathsome and disgusting travesty of Molière's Alceste, while Wycherley's best, or one of his best, comic characters, the Widow Blackacre, in *The Plain Dealer*, is simply a copy of the Countess in Racine's *Plaideurs*. Take Vanbrugh: of his ten comedies and farces there are only two which are not directly founded upon French originals, *The Confederacy* is simply a translation of d'Ancourt's *Les Bourgeoises à la Mode*, *The Mistake* a translation of Molière's *Le Dépit Amoureux*, *The Cuckold* a translation of Molière's *Cocu Imaginaire*; in *Æsop* he freely translates Boursault's *Les Fables d'Esop*, while *The Country House* is nothing but a free version of d'Ancourt's *La Maison de Campagne*. Take, again, Dryden. One of the best of his comedies, *Sir Martin Mar-All* is an adaptation of Molière's *L'Etourdi* with some touches of Quinault's *L'Amour Indiscret*. His *Mock Astrologer* is for the most part little more than an adaptation of the younger Corneille's *Le*

*Feint Astrologue*, one of the best scenes in it being borrowed from Molière's *Le Dépit Amoureux*. Of what may be called his minor indebtedness to the French comic stage illustrations would indeed be endless.

On our lyric poetry between the beginning of the seventeenth century and the end of the Augustan age the influence of that of France was, if sporadic, most extensive. The lyric of Waller, one of the fathers of the Critical School, took its ply from Malherbe, from St. Amand, and from Racan. Without Voiture and La Fontaine we should not have had Prior. We must not, it is true, attribute to Boileau what, in satire, in literary didactic poetry, and in the epistle, may be traced to the common masters of France and England during this period, the Latin classics; but it is due to him to say that he was the first to introduce those adaptations of Roman satire to the modern world, of which we have illustrations in Pope's *Imitations of Horace*, and subsequently in Johnson's *London* and *Vanity of Human Wishes*. Without his *Lutrin*, and, it may be added, without the Abbé Villar's *Comte de Gabalis*, to which the *Rape of the Lock* owes its exquisite machinery, we should never have had our finest mock heroic poem. To his *Art Poétique* the *Essay on Criticism* is quite as much indebted as it is to Horace.

In Criticism the French were supreme. Le Bossu, whom Dryden calls "the best of modern critics"; René Rapin, whom he pronounced to be "alone sufficient, were all other critics lost, to teach anew the art of writing," Bouhours—they and their circle—were the acknowledged masters of our critics. Every movement in criticism emanated from France. From Charles Perrault and Fontenelle originated the famous controversy as to the superiority of the Ancients and Moderns which fills so wide a space in the literature of the

later seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries and which, inspiring much of Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, gave us his inimitable *Battle of the Books*, itself, by the way, suggested by a work of François de Callières; from Corneille originated the famous controversy about the unities. A great epoch was marked in Criticism by the appearance of Boileau's translation of Longinus in 1674, which practically introduced to the modern world a work destined to have more influence on taste and criticism than any other single work, and by the appearance of Dacier's translation of Aristotle's *Poetics* in 1692, with its accompanying Commentary. In the space at my disposal it would be impossible even to indicate the enormous influence exercised in various ways and in various departments on our later seventeenth and our earlier eighteenth-century prose literature by such writers as Charron, so extraordinarily popular; by La Rochefoucauld, by La Bruyère, by Fénelon, by Bossuet, by Bayle, by Voiture, scarcely less influential on our verse. To the *Pensées* of Pascal Pope is indebted for the most brilliant passage in the *Essay on Man*, and for much more too; from the *Fables* and *Contes* of La Fontaine springs, whether through adaptation or imitation, an immense body of our verse. If we turn to our fiction, whether belonging to this period or to subsequent periods, we are everywhere confronted with its debts to France. Take *Gulliver's Travels*. There is scarcely a chapter in it in which Swift does not draw on Cyrano de Bergerac's *Histoire Comique*, the influence of which is seen not merely in detail and incident, but it tempers and flavors the whole work. Take Sterne, of whom, like Chaucer, it may be said that he is two-thirds French. His style is the style of Marivaux and Crébillon, who so fascinated Gray that to "read eternal new romances by them" he pronounced to be

his ideal of bliss. Take, again, in another walk, Gibbon. What he owed to France he has himself gratefully acknowledged. "From the *Provincial Letters* of Pascal, which almost every year I have perused with new pleasure, I learned to manage the weapon of grave and temperate irony even on subjects of ecclesiastical solemnity." But he owed, perhaps, even more to Bayle, whose character he has drawn with an admiration and sympathy which bewrays, as, indeed, it depicts his own, and to Voltaire perhaps as much. It was in French that, to use his own expression, he spontaneously thought, finding it "more familiar than English to my ears, my tongue, and my pen." At one time he contemplated writing his great work in that language. When we remember what the writers most characteristic of France were to Gibbon, what its language was to him, and how much so essentially French he absorbed and assimilated, and when we remember, too, the relation in which Montesquieu's *Considérations sur les Causes de la Grandeur des Romains et leur Décadence* stood to the *Decline and Fall*, it would scarcely be a paradox to say that he, too, the prince of our historians, is to be reckoned among our debts to France.

From the Classical age to what may be called the Modern French Renaissance, the coryphæus of which has been the most brilliant English poet now living, Algernon Swinburne, it cannot be said that French poetry has much affected our own, but how gloriously has that poet struck all the great notes in it, from the *Aubades* of its early dawn to its crowned maturity in Victor Hugo, teaching others to strike them too.

I have left myself no space to speak of the immense debt which we, in common with the rest of Europe, owe to Voltaire, to Montesquieu, to Rousseau, and that great dynasty of writers

who contributed so much to transform the old world into the world in which we are living now, and who in pure literature were the artists and apostles of Romanticism. Nor have I space even to indicate our debt in various ways and in various departments to such writers as Chateaubriand, whose *Génie du Christianisme* and *Les Martyrs* so intimately affected the sentimental school in our theology and historical sentiment generally; to Madame de Staël, whose *Allemagne* gave so powerful an impulse here and elsewhere to Romanticism, and without whose *Corinne* we should not have had the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*; to such critics as Villemain, Stendhal, and Ste. Beuve; to such historians and political philosophers as de Tocqueville, as Thierry, as Guizot, as Michelet, as Thiers, as Renan, as Taine, who have in various ways been quite as influential in this country as they have been in their own; to such philosophers as Victor Cousin and Auguste Comte; to such theologians as Lamennais and Lacordaire, who were, as is well known, the masters and models of the most finished and eloquent pulpit orator of our time. On our immense debt to the French fiction and French drama of the last half-century I cannot even touch, though here indebtedness has certainly been reciprocal.

But let me, in conclusion, briefly indicate in what departments of *belles-lettres* we are most indebted to France. In epistolary literature something our early classics may have learned from Cicero and Pliny, but without the influence of France we should never have had the letters of Pope, of Bolingbroke, of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, of Chesterfield, of Gray, of Horace Walpole, or even, perhaps, of Cowper. What the art of memoir-writing owes to her may be seen by comparing such memoirs as those of Clarendon or Bishop Burnet with the memoirs, say,



of Horace Walpole, of Lord Harvey, of Gibbon, of Madame d'Arblay. To France, to the genius of La Rochefoucauld, we owe the literature of Aphorism, and although La Bruyère had been anticipated both in ancient Greece and in England, the literature of ethic delineation ever afterwards took the ply from him. One of the most popular forms of polite literature during the eighteenth century, the imaginary dialogue, originated, no doubt, from Lucian, but it, too, owed its vogue to Fénelon and Fontenelle. For perfect models in comedy and satire throughout their whole range and in every possible form of artistic expression we are indebted almost without exception to the French, and what we have achieved in following them has comprised an important part of our literature in every generation. In theological oratory we have in our great classics pursued an independent course, but the magnificent rhetoric of Bossuet, Fléchier, and Massillon during the whole of the eighteenth century and the earlier part of the nineteenth, had very appreciable effect, not only on our sacred, but on our parliamentary oratory. The foundation of the *Journal des Sçavans* in 1665, of the *Nouvelles de la République des Lettres* by Bayle in 1684, and of the *Bibliothèque Universelle* by Le Clerc in 1686 made epochs in that important department of letters as memorable here as in France. To France also we owe the initiation of the delightful *Ana* literature, and the *Scaligerana* and *Perroniana* were the prototypes of one of the most amusing and instructive forms which light literature can assume. In Criticism, as we have seen, France in relation to England has always taken the lead, and during the last half-century criticism has scarcely assumed any important phase in which we have not followed, or at least been accompanied, by France. The position of Matthew Arnold is typical; Ste.

Beuve was the acknowledged master and model of perhaps the finest and soundest critic within his range that England has as yet seen. For another great boon we are indebted to France. There are many sweet and noble notes in our prose which are all our own, some purely native, some caught from the rhetoric of ancient Rome; but what Johnson calls the middle style France has taught us to bring to perfection. Our earliest consummate master in that style is Dryden, and Dryden's style was beyond doubt modelled on Montaigne, Guez de Balzac, and Voiture. Without the influence of France such a style as that of Temple, and Cowley, as that of Addison and Goldsmith, as that of Walpole and Chesterfield, as that in later times of Matthew Arnold, Froude, and Newman, would probably have been impossible, and indeed it is notorious that they were all students in the French school. Generation after generation, from the appearance of the inimitable *Lettres Provinciales* on through the dynasty of such consummate masters of prose expression as Bossuet, as Chateaubriand, as Voltaire, as Ste. Beuve, as Anatole France, have we had the salutary discipline of such examples.

To sum up: immense as is the debt of our literature to France we are under other obligations to her of which that debt is but the symbol. What France was to us in our infancy France has been to us ever since; what she tempered and modified in us when we were savages she has continued to temper and modify when we have become civilized. But radical idiosyncrasies, however softened and attenuated, remain constant for ages. We all know the terrible indictment which the apostle of sweetness and light brought against us as a people, pronouncing us to be distinguished "on the side of beauty and truth by vulgarity, on the side of morality and feeling by coarse-



ness, on the side of mind and spirit by unintelligence."

To the genius of France may in very truth be applied what the Roman poet said of his mistress:—

Illam quicquid agit quoquo vestigia  
vertit,  
Componit furtim subsequiturque decor.

Whate'er she does, where'er her steps  
she bends,

Grace on each action silently attends.

And long may France continue to be  
what for more than seven centuries

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she has been—the correctness of all that is characteristically infirm and defective in us, long may the *esprit gaulois* continue to temper our graver and more sombre native genius, and long may her classics be living influential examples to us of that high severe conscientiousness and loyalty to art which has given them their immortality, and teach us something of the secret of their inimitable style, something of that distinction, that lucidity, that grace which in the art of expression appear to be their inalienable inheritance and characteristic.

J. Churton Collins.

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## THE POWER OF A MODERN NEWSPAPER.

The first instinct of the natural Englishman when he reads of a peculiarly unsavory French scandal is to thank Heaven that nothing quite like it would be possible in this country. His maturer reflection will probably be, if he is intelligent and candid, that, if it were possible, he would never hear of it. French public life breeds, on occasions, a peculiarly flagrant type of corruption. But it also evolves a recklessness and a courage in exposure which would be thought almost indecent among ourselves. We have nothing like the General Staff which victimized Dreyfus; but have we anything like the moral force, the political swordmanship, the wit, the audacity, the intellectual perseverance of the men who did him justice, restored him to the army, and ended by making General Picquart their Minister of War? A libel case of unusual interest has served this week to unmask the "Matin" as perhaps the most dangerous and the most powerful newspaper in Europe. We have our own Americanized Press, but so far as our knowledge goes, it would be unjust to compare it seriously with the "Matin." Out-

wardly, however, the resemblance is very close. There is the same rather brazen and formless smartness and vitality, the same absence of any consecutive or consistent policy, the same catering for a public which delights in crimes and scandals, the same restless eagerness to anticipate facts, the same suppression of inconvenient news, and finally, the same measure of success in a fabulous circulation and immense profits. The "Matin," however, differs in two particulars from its English rivals. It aspires much more steadily to play a great part in politics, and of late years it has even seemed to be the official organ of successive Ministries. It is at the same time more obviously governed by Stock Exchange motives. Its sole proprietor, M. Munau-Varilla, is a financier, who made his fortune in Panama and sunk it largely in the Belgian Congo. Our kings of sensationalism are journalists who made their money by newspapers. M. Bunau-Varilla is first of all a financier, who bought a newspaper, partly for profit perhaps, but more probably in the hope of influencing politics and the Bourse.

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The case itself is relatively simple. The "*Matin*" accused M. Humbert, a prominent Senator, of being an accomplice in the alleged frauds of a company-promoter, M. Rochette, now under arrest on charges similar to those brought against Mr. E. T. Hooley. It was unable to support this accusation by a single relevant item of evidence, and was condemned to pay the maximum fine and damages, to the amount of £2,000. The real interest of the case lay in its amazing ramifications, and the subtlety and variety of the methods of "pressure" which it revealed. M. Humbert had been at one time the Secretary of the "*Matin*," and was its protégé and political figurehead. M. Rochette had been a good customer—on his own showing he had paid it 200,000 francs for favorable publicity for his promotions. The origin of the quarrel was apparently that M. Humbert began to write for the "*Matin*'s" rival, "*Le Journal*." Its real grievance against him was "ingratitude," and it was able to prove that it obtained for him, from successive Ministers, (1) his rehabilitation after being involved in a military scandal; (2) his appointment to a post in the War Office; (3) his decoration; (4) a well-paid sinecure; (5) a degree of influence which enabled him to obtain orders from the Government for firms in which he had an interest. Here was an illustration startling enough of the political power which the "*Matin*" wielded. But in great things and small there was scarcely a limit to its omnipotence. An ex-Minister of Justice declared, we do not know with what measure of truth, that it sought from him the post of judge for one of its creatures, and was amazed and indignant at his refusal, which it punished by accusing him of "fraud." It could apparently command some of the minor judges in Paris. Some of them would assist it to "interview" their more interesting

prisoners, and supply them with good criminal "copy" in advance of a public trial. Its most audacious methods went unpunished. It even sent a reporter on one occasion—as the ex-Minister M. Chaumié stated—disguised as a high detective to a prisoner's house, seized his papers, read them, and published them, and then quietly returned the originals to the Prefect of Police. It was allowed, for the purposes of advertisement, to organize a marching competition in the army, and afterwards to hold a festivity gratis in the State Opera House. Another grotesque advertising device, the Blanchet exploring expedition in Africa, ended in a fiasco which cost the Republic some £2,500. The bill, as "*L'Humanité*" has proved, was presented to the "*Matin*," but payment was never enforced. It derived its electricity, as M. Labori reminded the jury, by the favor of the City of Paris, from a special cable constructed against all regulations and never paid for. But perhaps the quaintest little detail of all is the fact, dug up by "*L'Humanité*," that its proprietor enjoyed, with the President of the Republic and the Ambassadors of the Great Powers, the right of passing the octroi stations of Paris in his automobile without submitting to an examination. All the while it was making and unmaking Ministers by threatening to pursue them with some scandalous campaign, and influencing Republican policy, usually in a reactionary sense, by attacking the proposed income-tax, or organizing the revival of capital punishment.

There is only one parallel to this omnipotence based on political blackmail—the power of Tammany Hall. It is distressing, not merely because it illustrates the ease with which a democracy of newspaper readers can be gulled, but still more because it suggests that Ministers who could be so easily terrorized by a vulgar and ca-

precious despot, must have very vulnerable reputations. The end is not yet. For the moment the "Matin" seems to have suffered a severe blow, and has begun to dismiss contributors and squander apologies, in the hope of avoiding the libel actions which other victims are initiating in the wake of M. Humbert's success. But just as the trial was drawing to a close, it embarked on the boldest adventure of all. It is attempting to blackmail the Republic itself. It is avenging itself for its disgrace by advertising a Royalist Pretender. In a sprawling illustrated article in its place of honor, it interviewed the Duc D'Orléans, displayed his disavowals of anti-Parliamentarism and clericalism in the boldest type, and concluded the puff by assuring him, through the mouth of its special envoy, that he had succeeded in shaking some of its prejudices against the restoration of the monarchy. Here was a clear threat to Ministers and Senators, judges and juries, that it will initiate a royalist campaign, if they dare to attack its omnipotence under the Republic. This desperate and

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rather ludicrous device is probably the last hopeless bid for power. It must end by alarming even the "Matin's" public, and giving courage to its meanest victims. But the moral, one fears, will not be generally drawn until civilization has suffered yet more severely from the mischief of an irresponsible Press. Ultimately, one suspects, society will seek safety by the means which the French and German Socialists have already adopted. "Vorwärts" is the one powerful and successful daily newspaper which is beyond the caprices of an individual capitalist, because it belongs to an organized party. M. Jaurès' brilliant little paper, "L'Humanité," is also the property of thousands of working-men shareholders, who have each subscribed their 25 or 50 francs to make a platform in the Press for their favorite deputies and leaders. Honesty and independence still survive, by an heroic struggle, in the daily Press of every country, but they survive in spite of the system which makes them dependent on the capital or the subsidies of wealthy men, and not because of it.

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## THE POWER OF THE KEYS.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE.

The hospital at the Antony School was once more in full working order. The Scythians had used the place as a hospital during their occupation of the city, so that it had escaped the destruction which, whether intentionally or owing to carelessness, overtook most of the other public buildings, but it had required the ministrations of a whole army of sweepers before it could satisfy Major Saundersfoot, and the orderlies rarely referred to their predecessors otherwise than as "them pigs." The operations which had ended in the

recovery of the city were responsible for a large number of wounded, and with the increasing heat of the weather cases of enteric began to multiply, so that the nurses had their hands full. Sister M'Kay was an excellent organizer, and the work was so well distributed that no one had broken down yet, but those who knew the country were beginning to remember with dismay that there were no hill stations available in Granthistan, and to look forward apprehensively to a hot season spent in Ranjitgarh.

"The Superintendent would like to see you in the office, Sister," said one

of the orderlies, meeting Janie as she entered the ward one morning.

"About that inoculation for enteric, I suppose," said Janie to Sister Lawson, who had preceded her. "I thought they had decided there was no need for us to be done, but some of them do make such a fad of it."

"Oh yes—no doubt," said Sister Lawson nervously. "Better go at once, dear. It—it mightn't be that, you know."

Something in the tone caught Janie's attention, and she saw that Sister Lawson's eyes had a frightened look. "What—what —?" she began, but her tongue refused its office, and she turned and ran like a whirlwind through the long corridors. In the office, talking to Sister M'Kay, stood Mr. Brooke, and when Janie burst in upon them and saw him, she guessed the worst. She could not speak, but he answered the question in her face.

"No, not killed, but badly wounded, and wants you. I have come to take you to him."

"Yes, I'm ready," said Janie. She had a curious feeling that she had known all along that this summons would come, that she was absolutely prepared to obey it. She made a step towards the door. "Do let us come," she said, and she heard herself speaking as if it was some one else. "Why are we waiting?"

If she had been left to herself, she would have started that moment as she was, in cap and apron, without *topi* or luggage, but Mr. Brooke looked at her compassionately.

"We cannot start till noon," he said. "I will call for you then."

"Three hours wasted!" said Janie, as if he was to blame.

"Nonsense, Jenny!" said Sister M'Kay. "You have to get ready, you know. We'll pack her things for her," she added, turning to Mr. Brooke.

"Come for her at half-past eleven, please."

Janie never knew how the hours of that morning passed. She was in her room, somehow, and the others came in and out, advising, encouraging, trying to rouse her to take some interest in her packing. Sister Lawson, who had lost her brother in the recapture of Ranjitgarh, Sister Carlisle, whose lover had been killed before Agpur, and a new recruit, whose father, one of the returned veterans, was lying severely wounded in hospital at Nanakpur—all tried to forget their own griefs and comfort her.

"You know, dear, you must take plenty of things," murmured Sister Lawson, finding Janie standing with stony eyes before an array of clothes which the last helper had laid out on the bed. "You are to stay and nurse him, and you won't be able to get anything."

"Oh, why can't we start at once?" cried Janie. "All this dreadful, dreadful waste of time!"

"It isn't waste," said Sister Lawson patiently, beginning to pack the nearest bag. "You couldn't go without any luggage, dear. Will you have your foulard?"

"Oh, I don't know! I can't think of that sort of thing. Put in what you like, Lawsie. I think I shall walk to the station."

"And get sunstroke before starting?" said Sister M'Kay, coming in. "Sit down in that chair, Jenny, and don't you dare to move. I'll put in what I think you'll want. Don't mind us."

The permission was unnecessary, for Janie was scarcely conscious of their existence. They noticed that she put on her *topi* with feverish eagerness an hour before it was time to start, and then waited near the window to listen for Mr. Brooke, but it was all done with fixed eyes that seemed to be watching something at a distance.

When they kissed her at last, and bade her good-bye with hopeful, cheering words, her lips quivered for the first time.

"Oh, don't make me cry," she entreated. "I must be strong. Oh, Lawsie, pray that I may be in time!"

Once in the train, she made Mr. Brooke tell her what he could, or would. She learned nothing from him of the rescue from the broken bridge, and his account of the surgeon's report of Arbuthnot's injuries did not satisfy her, but she knew that things must be very bad.

"But was he never conscious?" she asked anxiously, after hearing of the fever brought on by the night of exposure.

"Only for a moment. Then he looked at me and said 'Janie—she promised,' and I went at once to Lord Williams and got leave to fetch you. I have a pass signed by him, which will get us through anywhere."

The train was crowded with troops, but Mr. Brooke had secured a compartment for Janie, and towards evening he advised her to lie down and get what sleep she could. She looked at him with dumb protest. To sit rigidly upright and note each landmark passed was all she felt it possible to do.

"You must be strong," he said, repeating her own words. "You will have to nurse him—to do night work. If you broke down, it might cost you his life."

"Are you saying that because you believe it, or just to help me?" she asked him, with desperate boldness, searching his inscrutable face. "Do you really think we shall find him alive?"

"I do, honestly. I trust and believe that you will not only find him alive, but nurse him back to health. But to do that, you must take care of yourself."

"Then I will," said Janie, and she

succeeded in getting a little sleep, fighting down the horrible thought which seemed to set itself to the accompaniment of the clanking of the train, "What — if — he — What — if — he — is — dead — already?" and returned upon her whenever she woke with a start. The train moved slowly, and there were many stops and delays, but in the course of the next day they reached Aga Harun — now a scene of chaos — where Mr. Brooke left Janie under the care of the stationmaster's Eurasian wife, who had contrived to come up with her husband in defiance of all regulations, while he went to see what chance there was of their getting any farther that night. The remembrance of the hours spent in the small close room, vibrating with every train that passed, while the stout dark lady talked incessantly, was like a nightmare to Janie afterwards. The state of the case was plain enough. In the little town and around it troops were everywhere, and they were still arriving by road and rail from Ranjitgarh on the south and Zibgarh on the north, twice as fast as they could be despatched by train to Sharifpur. All the available rolling stock was needed for use on the Sharifpur line, and Mr. Brooke was seriously contemplating making use of the Viceroy's pass to commandeer a cart and horses and thus go on by road, when, after night had fallen, he discovered a return train — chiefly composed of empty trucks — being made up for Zibgarh. A young surgeon was going up in charge of a Röntgen Rays apparatus and other medical stores, and on hearing Mr. Brookes' story he volunteered to give up his own quarters in the brake-van to Janie, and invited Mr. Brooke to be his companion in a truck with an awning over it. It was after midnight when they started, and their train progressed with a curious jerkiness and frequent stoppages, which its passengers found

maddening, but which daylight proved to be merely precautionary, since the dawn showed them another train coming towards them on the same line. Some one had blundered, it was clear, but the fact did not throw any light upon the present situation. The approaching train proved to be conveying part of a native regiment to Aga Harun, and the young European officer in charge met the surgeon on the neutral ground between the two engines, where they exchanged acrimonious remarks, while the conversation of their respective engine-drivers, who had also called a parley, was tinged with something more than acrimony. The officer was quite certain that both lines ought to have been clear for the passage of troop-trains, the surgeon that so long as he was upon his proper line, any intruding train was bound to back to the nearest siding, and allow him to pass. Mr. Brooke tried in vain to arrange a compromise, and a native officer, called in to corroborate some assertion of his superior's, solemnly proposed to refer the matter to the arbitrament of fate. With a well-founded confidence in the greater weight of the troop-train, he suggested that the two engines should advance towards each other, and see which could push the other back. The disputants were too hotly engaged to perceive the humor of the thing, and were still hurling their "orders" and "matters of life and death" at each other's heads, when Janie climbed down from the brake-van in which she had passed the night, and threw herself into the fray.

"Oh, please, can't we go on?" she asked the surgeon. "Need you keep us talking here?" she inquired reproachfully of the other officer. "My husband is dying—perhaps he will die now, while we are waiting. If the train has to stop here, we must go down to the road and walk."

"My orders are to get to Aga Harun

as quickly as possible," he said apologetically.

"And mine are to get to Zibgarh," snapped the surgeon.

"Change trains," suggested Mr. Brooke, and the proposal commended itself to the other men, who were by this time ashamed of their contest, but did not see how to bring it to an end. The troops were transferred to the empty trucks of the Aga Harun train, and the medical stores to that which had come from Zibgarh, while the passengers of the former collected their belongings thankfully and moved like wise. Their train was able to start again long before the other, but they parted from the officer the best of friends. During the remainder of the journey Janie was haunted by the fear that they might meet other trains and incur fresh delays, but the line was happily clear. At the Zibgarh station horses were waiting, and she and Mr. Brooke mounted and rode out to the hospital.

"His wife at last?" said Colonel Garry, looking up at the trembling little woman, scarcely recognizable through dust, heat, and fatigue, who almost threw herself from her horse at his feet before the hospital tents. "It's about time. We had to put him by himself; he was distracting the other patients—worse than the brain-fever bird."

"You won't wait a moment—or rest?" suggested Mr. Brooke, but Janie shook off his hand.

"Oh, no, no!" she panted. "I must go to him at once."

They followed the surgeon until he stopped and raised a warning finger, and Janie heard a sound that will always haunt her at moments of mental strain—Arbuthnot's voice, raised in a curious harsh tone, uttering and repeating perpetually, as if by machinery, the one word "Janie!" "Janie, Janie, Janie!" it said, never waiting for an



answer, but she replied by a cry of agony, "Jock, I am here, here!" She ran into the tent, pushed aside an astonished orderly, and took his place beside the bed. Stooping forward, she lifted the bandaged head to her shoulder, holding it there as if the tall man had been a child. "Jock, my darling, I have come," she whispered softly.

The fever had lost its power, leaving Arbutnot absolutely helpless, barely able to follow Janie with his eyes as she moved about. Despite her objections, he had insisted on demanding from Colonel Garry the extent of his injuries, for from the first an inspection of the dressings had told her trained eye a tale which she hoped against hope might not be true. But when the wounded man, throwing all his strength into a husky whisper, asked when he would be fit for service again, the surgeon laughed, though not mirthfully.

"The fellow has scarcely a sound bone in his body, and he talks of rejoining his regiment!" he said. "Be content to lie quiet and let your wife fuss over you—that'll give you your best chance."

"I can't do anything but lie quiet—you've tied me up so," whispered Arbutnot with an attempt at a smile. "But I need not lie quiet for the rest of my life, I hope?"

"When a man has been blown up sky-high and dashed down on rough masonry, and been rescued by the skin of his teeth after a night in the open, all he has to think about is to be thankful he's alive," said Colonel Garry oracularly. "You owe it to Mrs. Arbutnot that you didn't go off in the fever, so show your gratitude, if you are grateful, by being patient and not worrying her."

He went out, and for fear of crying, Janie made believe to gloat over her husband's helplessness. "It had to be

this, you see," she said. "If you had only had an arm broken, or anything of that kind, you would have wanted to go back to the war before you were well, but now I have you all to myself."

His eyes sought hers. "Janie, does it mean—that I shall always be a cripple?"

"If you are, you will have me for a crutch." She smiled at him resolutely. "And when we get old, you shall go about in a bath-chair, with medal-ribbons on your coat like Lord Williams's and people will tell one another that you were one of the men who rushed the bridge of Bihet."

"I don't think you could joke about it if you thought it was true," he murmured weakly.

"No, indeed, you wouldn't think I could, would you?" she asked, winking the tears away. "You didn't know what a heartless wife you had." Oh, Jock, if you had only got back your senses a day earlier! Do you know that Lord Williams came and looked at you before he went away? He spoke to you, but you didn't know him. But you knew me," she added inconsequently. "If you hadn't—if you had gone on calling for me in that dreadful voice, I think I should have gone mad."

"Poor little woman! Tell me about it. Was it Brooke who fetched you?" and she sat by his side, relieved to have diverted his thoughts from the subject of his injuries, and industriously bestowed a humorous complexion on as many of the incidents of that dreadful journey as would allow of it.

"And when Lord Williams came to see you, Jock, he said how glad he was that you were better—that the fever was not so high, I mean—but it was only to be expected. Wasn't that nice of him? And he said he was very angry with you for volunteering, and he supposed you expected to get the Victoria Cross, but you ought to have thought

of me. And I said I hoped it was the thought of me that made you volunteer, and he said that in that case it was I who deserved the Cross, and as I couldn't get it, neither of us should. But he said we were not to be anxious about the future, for he should make it his business to see to that. Which ought to mean something good in the Intelligence Department, don't you think?"

She was passing her hand lightly over his forehead, as she spoke in a low soothing voice, and he smiled at her faintly as his eyes closed. She waited until she was sure he was asleep, and then rose and darted to the tent-door. Her hands were clenched and her face drawn with pain as she stood fighting down the sobs which would betray her.

"Would God it could have happened to me instead!" she moaned. "My dear, brave, splendid Jock! If he ever learns to wish that I had not come, and he had died in the fever— Oh God, show me how to help him to bear it!"

She struggled with herself for a minute or two, then composed her face sufficiently to answer the salutation of an officer who passed, but Mr. Brooke read the traces of the conflict when he came up a few moments later.

"Not worse again, I hope?" he asked kindly.

"Oh no, better; but — he is beginning to ask what is the matter with him. And I made Colonel Garry tell me last night — he must always be lame — quite lame, not just a limp — even if the spine has escaped, as he hopes. Oh, what good can it do that such things should happen?" with a despairing plunge into generalities. "Nearly every family in England in mourning, and so many men maimed for life — and I suppose it is just as bad in Scythia. And it might all have been avoided!"

"If the people at home would realize

that, it might be worth it all," said Mr. Brooke. "But it is a lesson that England has never learnt yet. I doubt if anything will break us of our habit of disdaining preparation and trusting to muddle through."

"And in this case it looks as if we weren't even going to muddle through," said Janie bitterly.

He looked at her with a twinkle in his eye. "Do you know," he said, in his most deliberate tones, "I am just beginning to think we have been judging Williams a little bit hastily? This infamous subordination of military to political exigencies — the whole army are agreed that it is infamous, if they are agreed on nothing else — it seems to me that it's possible there has been nothing of the kind."

"But General Germaine and all the best troops have been detached for Agpur, instead of following up the Scythians here," objected Janie.

"So it was announced, and so it appeared in the home papers, and so, no doubt, it was reported to the Scythians. But doesn't it seem to you a little unnecessary — a little unlike Williams — to lock up the best part of two armies round a town which is of no particular strategical importance as soon as its communications have been cut?"

"But that is what Sir James Germaine was to do — to cut the communications on the north."

"Yes, but the line is so long that to cut it about midway is as good as cutting it close to Agpur, for the Scythians have no depots between Dera Galib and Maqulkot. The Second Army ought to be competent to deal with Dera Galib, and when that is in our hands, Agpur is practically surrounded. Why send Germaine down to do what is done already?"

"Well, but he is gone to do it."

"No, excuse me; I think he is pretending to be gone to do it — much to the contentment of the Scythians in

Agpur. They flatter themselves that they have made the place pretty well impregnable, and probably count on delaying us there until they are relieved from the north. But if, instead of wasting men in assaults on their lines, we content ourselves with cutting their communications and keeping them in, they may wait until they are starved out or we have time to deal with them. If they had realized the truth, their best plan would have been to evacuate the place and retire as the Ranjitgarh troops are doing, uniting with them somewhere south of Payab—or perhaps holding the line from Gajnipur to Maqulkot. But for once the papers have done us good service by putting them on the wrong scent. There's no chance now of their getting up to Maqulkot before Germaine could cut them off, and the Second Army men are within a day or two of Dera Galib. I think you'll find that instead of turning south, Germaine will go north, and make a dash for Maqulkot and Payab.

"But even if he got to Payab, and held the bridge—I suppose the Scythians have rebuilt it—what good would it be? They took it from us before."

"By surprise, you remember. They will hardly have a chance of doing that again. And as to the good of it—well, you must put together various bits of information like a puzzle, as I have been doing the last day or two. There is trouble in Scythian Central Asia—we have had an inkling of it for some time, but since the Xipanguese landed at Haidar Ghat, it can't be concealed any longer. If they can defeat the Xipanguese in Iran they are all right; but if they let them enter Ethiopia, or if the Xipanguese defeat them, Central Asia will be in a blaze. If that doesn't bring about a revolution in European Scythia, any attempt to send more troops to India would certainly do it, and therefore, if the Xipanguese are up to their usual form, I imagine

we have only those already here to deal with."

"You have begun your puzzle at the far end," said Janie, interested in spite of herself. "I see that, and I see our end, but there's so much between."

"True, there are Rustam Khan and his subjects, who have no objection to loyalty when there is a chance of plundering their Scythian friends. Do you notice that we hear no more of any Scythians coming through Kubbet-ul-Haj? That way is blocked, I fancy. Well, if Rustam Khan, with such help as we can give him from Shalkot, can manage the same sort of thing this side of Iskandarbagh, there will be no more Scythian reinforcements for the present."

"There are so many ifs!" sighed Janie.

"There are, indeed. If the Xipanguese can get up to Rahat—they are quite a month off from it at present; if we can keep the Scythians now in Ethiopia from overflowing into India; if we can capture Dera Galib and Maqulkot and Payab, and catch the Ranjitgarh Scythians between Williams and Germaine; and I suppose we must add, if the Emperor of Pannonia remains in the same state of health, no better and no worse, we may hope to be discussing terms of peace about this time next year."

"At any rate, you have given me something to talk about to Jock," said Janie. "If he begins to ask inconvenient questions again I shall overwhelm him with all your wonderful prophecies."

"You will take him down to Ranjitgarh as soon as he can be moved, I suppose?"

"I don't know. Sometimes I think this place isn't quite so hot, but you can get things more easily there. But we are both under orders, you know, and must go where we are sent. If

you could only conquer a hill-station or two on your way north."

"Bala, for instance?" His face was suddenly grave. "Ah, I'm afraid the King's writ won't run in the hills for some time yet."

"The moment it does, you and Jock and I will go and find Burree," said Janie impulsively.

"Please God! It doesn't bear thinking about, does it?—her being left all these months alone with those helpless natives. But every foot we drive the Scythians back is a step towards her."

"What was it about some one trying to kill you?" she asked, suddenly. "Colonel Garry said something about it, but I couldn't make it out."

"Why, it's a curious thing, but one would think I had some personal enemy—which is a luxury I never dreamed of possessing. I have been shot at twice from the ruins of the bridge, and when I was riding alone outside the camp yesterday, three ruffians, who might have risen out of the ground, made a desperate attack on me. If a Lancer patrol hadn't come up in the nick of time, I should hardly be here to-day."

"Were the men Ghazis?"

"No, ordinary tribesmen. They ought to have been taken alive and questioned, but the Lancers were not in a merciful mood, and I was really not in a condition to take any interest in the matter until they got me out from under my horse."

"But what can it mean?"

"Well, I have a theory—but it excites such ribald mirth whenever I mention it that I only broach it to you in strict confidence. I think they must take me for Lord Williams. We are about the same height."

"But there isn't the slightest likeness between you otherwise. And the Shikari badge on your helmet is so conspicuous—I always know a man of Jock's regiment quite a long way off. Besides, surely they would know that Lord Williams wouldn't ride about alone?"

"Evidently my theory hasn't a leg to stand on. Well, then, I see no reason whatever for the attacks. It must merely be that the irreconcilables among the tribesmen are anxious to wipe out any officer they see, and pure coincidence has given me more than my share of their kind attentions. I ought to enjoy complete immunity henceforth as compensation."

"I hope you will, for Burree's sake," said Janie earnestly. "And now I must go back to my poor boy. I suppose I shall hardly see you again?"

"I shall look round in the morning if I can, but I believe we start early. Good-bye. Be sure to write to me at any time if I can help you in any way, and let me know how Jock goes on. When we meet next——"

"The hurly-burly will be done, and the battle lost and won?" asked Janie, trying to smile.

"I don't know. We'll hope so."

*Sydney C. Grier.*

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE QUEBEC TERCENTENARY: THE CALL OF THE PRESENT.

"O Canada! Beloved Motherland," the Canadians have been singing in English and in French, at the same time, as part of the Quebec Tercentary Pageant. "God Save the King," si-

multaneously sung in the two languages, has also made the clear Canadian welkin ring, as perhaps it never did before; and here surely we have things worth noting. What do they

stand for? What is the inner message of the historic events which have been on foot in and about the ancient and beautiful city on the St. Lawrence?

It is a large question to ask, and an impossible one to answer as the result of a brief visit to French Canada. But one may learn much in a little time, if one only sees the right people, and I had the good fortune to talk with some of the most highly placed, most influential, and most interesting men in Canada. What I propose to do here is quietly and plainly to set down the impressions so gathered, and to leave them to suggest some of the hopes and problems which dwell with Canada three centuries after the founding of Quebec by Champlain.

It can scarcely be in doubt that at first the French-Canadians were a trifle cold, not towards the idea of celebrating the Tercentenary, but towards the practical thing behind it; the acquisition of the Plains of Abraham as a Canadian national park. "Is this," they reasoned within their hearts, "going to be a parade of British Imperialism, of which we are not particularly fond? Is it to be a crowing over the downfall of New France and the uprising of a British Canada? If there be anything like that in the business it will not much appeal to us, for, after all, we are the children of the New France of Cartier, Champlain, Laval, and Montcalm." No doubt, also, this was a natural view, because the French temperament, even in a race which no longer desires to be called French, is different from our British temperament. We fight and forget, we make quarrels and then make them up again. We are a generous nation in our attitude to others, and, in that fact, of course, lies one secret of our success as empire builders. It is probably accurate to say that the mass of the French-Canadians disliked the South African war, but our prompt giving of self-govern-

ment to the Dutch has healed any cracks in that mirror of our attitude to brother races under the Union Jack.

When we carefully think the matter over, we need not wonder that the French-Canadians listened with hand on ear for the note of celebration which was to sound on the Plains of Abraham. When they knew that it was to be one not of battles long ago—battles in which worth and glory were very evenly divided—but of the up-building of a new land and a new world, why, then, they came in quickly and threw themselves into the movement. It is the achievement of the French colonists in Canada for which the Quebec celebrations really stand, for what they did from the time Jacques Cartier sailed up the blue, virgin St. Lawrence until their Montcalm and our Wolfe died to consecrate a land where two great races should have an equal field for their gifts and talents.

Well, this much having been done by tact and thoughtfulness, and despite the obstacles created by some of the Ultramontane papers in Canada, what is to be the outcome? Does it mean that the British and the French of our greatest colony are brought measurably nearer to each other, that some of the old doubts and difficulties which kept them apart have been swept away; or does it merely mean that they have put their hands to a common plough for this occasion only? Again, the only possible answer is to analyze the informed views which one heard, and first those expressed by a leading man of French-Canadian blood, whose fondest ambition it would be to see the two peoples of Canada welded into one race. He told me that while co-operation in the Quebec celebrations was good, becoming, and welcome, it must not be supposed to carry us very far. In other words, it was not likely at once to affect the differences which

characterize the French and the English Canadians, and which, hitherto, have made them peoples working side by side but not in co-operation. The tacit agreement has been "You do your work and I'll do mine," and that understanding was just likely to continue. It has proved a workable if not a perfect policy, and it must have a certain bringing together effect by force of years, but not much more could be expected. Here comes in the all-important affair of religion, for the French-Canadian is firmly attached to his Church, and, if possible, it is more firmly set on the high rock of Quebec than the Pope himself is set in the Vatican. And the other question of diverse temperaments comes in all the time, making any alloy of the races both a human and a religious problem.

The French-Canadian has, admittedly, not the initiative, the energy, the "grit," of the Briton, who is already the industrial force of Canada. He is content to go on rather in the old way of simplicity, salt, and sincerity, "contented wi' little and cantie wi' mair," as Robert Burns says. He is fond of music and of art, and the statues of Champlain and Laval which he has erected in Quebec—French-Canadian handiwork—suggest that some day he may be the artist of the American continent. He is thinking a good deal of the past, to which tradition and his Church anchor him, while the Briton is thinking chiefly of the future, and of the splendor and wealth that await a Canada fully peopled and developed. There are very few inter-marriages between British Protestants and French-Canadian Catholics, and, indeed, such marriages are now so severely frowned upon by the Roman Church in the Dominion that they are made well-nigh impossible. The various other races which Canada is drawing unto herself will inter-marry and create a type, as in America, but at present there is no

road open to an Anglo-French race, on the same happy lines as we are likely to have an Anglo-Dutch race in South Africa.

Such reflections, tinged perhaps by the tired feeling of long labors and utopias delayed, yet not at heart unhopeful, presented one side of the Canadian shield; but there was another, and it was painted for me by a high authority who is British. He noted that this is the greatest, if not actually the first, occasion on which the French-Canadians have come into line with the British-Canadians in celebrating something common to the history of both, which fact in itself is history-making. He was speaking particularly of the acquisition and consecration to the nation of the Plains of Abraham, a venture which, thanks to support from all the English speaking commonwealths in all the seven seas, is already an assured success. General Botha, who only a few years ago was fighting against us in the field is, as Premier of the Transvaal, lending his name to the undertaking, and to many French-Canadians that, perhaps, has been a remarkable object-lesson in British methods of government. Certainly the broad aim behind events at Quebec has been to sow the seeds of a larger Canadian nationality, to gather the people of the nine provinces more closely together, and, finally, to bring the whole of Canada as a community more into touch with the life and ideals of the Empire. Canada is a vast land, a land of which you have to think in continents, and there is a wide gulf fixed between British Columbia, so intensely British, and the province of Quebec, which is almost wholly French. The mission of those at the heart of affairs in Quebec has been to throw a link of human sympathy across the continent, to strengthen the bond of sympathy between all Canadians, and, in fact, to show them that, apart from



sentiment, here is sound business. They have all to work together in Canada, and surely the more they know of each other, the better they understand each other's point of view, the more satisfactory is that work likely to be. It is related of the Premier of one of the Canadian Provinces that recently he said he would like to see all the young men of his province go to Quebec for two years in order to learn French. "Did he," the French-Canadians exclaimed when they heard this, "did he actually say that?" And they were delighted beyond words.

The little incident shows where the secret of appeal lies with the French-Canadian—in his language, in his laws, in his religion. He is proud of all three, they abide with him in work and in play, they are the *Magna Charta* of his national being in Canada, the only sure road through which he can be approached. Perhaps it is a difficult road to negotiate for the hearty, impulsive, practical Briton, who, in old-world ways, sees only unprogressiveness, but perhaps also it is a road worth trying to negotiate. Anyhow, however near be the turning in that road, or however far away, the wise, seeing plan of campaign in Canada must be to gather the best qualities of the twin races into a common effectiveness. Scotsmen and Englishmen, with Irishmen and Welshmen—Scotsmen most of all—have gone up and possessed industrial Canada, even the larger industries of the French province of Quebec. But have they nothing to learn from the French-Canadians? Surely they have. Is it not something, that latent, artistic sense, inherited from the France of the great days of Louis Quatorze? It stands for the raw material of sculpture and painting, perhaps for style and expression in the Canadian literature of the future. Are not the ideals which French Canada

nurtures from Old France—bashful about them, as yet, almost hiding them away—something greatly to value? Are the charm and grace of the French-Canadian women not qualities which will one day help to make Canada gracious as well as prosperous? A chief danger with a new country is that it may grow up without a soul, that it may run so steadily in pursuit of money as to neglect the birth of a soul. Some folk say that this is true, in part anyhow, of America, that it is a blemish on that wonderful nation, and there are Americans who agree with the criticism. Is Canada to take a similar risk, when, by drawing upon the natural endowments of its French people at their best, it might enlarge its national soul to a priceless extent?

"But how," exclaims your Canadian Briton, "can we do anything of this sort? Our French compatriots practically leave us alone. And there is that wall of religion which divides us." "Ah," replies the French-Canadian, "but you won't take the trouble to understand us, and we suspect that you rather despise us. You won't learn our language; not very many of you do, and you find it hard to sympathize with our points of view." Granted; still, social intercourse between the British and the French in Canada is on the increase, agreeably and pleasantly on the increase. Not very long ago a French nobleman was on a visit to Canada, and, hearing of his presence, one of the first officials of the Dominion invited him to dinner. "Yes," came the reply, "I should gladly accept the invitation, but unhappily it falls on the date of the anniversary of a battle in which the British beat the French in Canada. If I attend your dinner, my Canadian countrymen will probably be displeased with me. It was explained to the timid French nobleman that his prospective host had

never thought of the anniversary, never remembered it; whereupon said the Frenchman, "You are an amazing people, you British; you do not remember a victory! We French could not forget one—much less a defeat."

Probably the French-Canadians are tenacious — markedly, conservatively tenacious—of the past of Canada because so much of it is their own, but that incident was not typical of the newer social spirit which is abroad in Canada. At least, there are welcome signs of a newer spirit, if more cannot be said than that—it is sprouting and it can be cultivated. To be quite frank, the French, generally speaking, are not so well off as the English. They cannot give such good dinners and they hate to give dinners less good; and moreover they know, what others may learn, that to sit down to a feast is not necessarily to dine happily. It appears a very small matter this, but it is the kind of matter which counts, though it will not, observers hope, always count. Socially French-Canadians of the upper classes have been unduly inclined to remain "in their shells," as one might express it. They are gradually, however, being drawn forth, in particular by their young girls and young men, who are learning not merely the English tongue, but British ways, and who, it may be, stand for the realization of the newer, freer spirit. There is music in the soul of the French-Canadian girl, and she will pass it on; she has wit and she understands by intuition. Her nunnery education, whatever else may be said of it, teaches her reverence, the value of faith and the ideals. She will make up for its limitations when she comes into quicker touch with the world of everyday life. May she do so without losing either her reverence or her ideals, which, mind you, when a nation's soul is in the making, are as precious metals.

"All will come right," was the motto of the Orange Free State, and possibly it is one which might be taken for the human problem in Canada. "I am content to wait," it was remarked to me by a thoughtful man of English birth, who bears one of the most respected names in Canada—"content," he added, "to wait and to work." He meant that great, or rather numerous as Canada's problems are, they are not insurmountable, and that time and patience will safely solve them. He agreed with the general note of hopefulness which, with some qualifications, I have been endeavoring to express, and he had a word of keen insight about the policy of the Roman Catholic Church in French Canada and on the French-Canadian *habitant*. Broadly put, the Church says this to itself and its people, "Progress, hardly! But don't let us lag too far behind—not too much slowness." Bluntly expressed, this means that the Roman Catholic Church in Canada does not want the French-Canadians to adopt a rate of progress which would lessen its power with them. The influence of the *curé*, so far as his training and his light carry him, is faithfully exercised for the highest good of his flock. But the lesson does not end there. Suppose he is the *curé* of a rural parish and that he himself has been drawn from the lower classes, as is very frequently the case in Canada. Certainly, he gets on well with his people, he suits them, he understands them, but his leadership—because in effect he is captain of the parish—does not imply social progress. They are backward, surprisingly backward, the *habitants*, as compared with the French Canadians of the towns, who themselves go slowly, and the priest's influence is exercised wholly in the direction of the maintenance of the old truths, not in a search for new ways of light or progress. The *habitant* is careful, frugal, hard-working, a man

who digs a none too fat living out of the soil:

Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans

Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,  
The emptiness of ages in his face,  
And on his back the burden of the world.

He rears a large family and is taught that herein he is doing his chief duty to the French-Canadian people. Away back in the days of New France, when he began to dig the Canadian soil, he was robbed by the officers of the French King of everything they could lay hands on. The result of that experience, coupled with the eternal struggle for bread and a trifle more, has been that he has developed a carefulness, a craftiness, almost a "slimness" such as has been attributed to the Boer, who, if they have the quality, got it from their fight with a new country and savages. The French-Canadian *habitant* is ever on the defensive in making a bargain—he is a "canny" fellow. A Canadian bishop once connected this point with the Norman ancestry of many of the *habitants*, and illustrated it by a story. A Norman bridegroom, about to be married, was asked in the usual fashion, Would he take the waiting bride as his wife? "I am here for that purpose, am I not?" he answered—cannily.

A quiet sombreness dwells with the Canadian *habitant*, partly the result, perhaps, of the long Canadian winter when the earth and all that therein is, is frozen up. But mirth and a good heart also lurk in him, and if you go out to a little farm in the country and get on friendly terms with the farmer he will call his sons about him and they will sing to you all the afternoon; sing the old French-Canadian *chansons*, like that dainty satire on one of our warriors who went to Quebec to capture fierce Frontenac and then came back again:

Sir Phips s'en va-t-en guerre,  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,  
"Sir Phips" s'en va-t-en guerre,  
Ne sait quand reviendra. . . .

Even among the *habitants* of French Canada there is a flicker of progress, if only a flicker, a will-o'-the-wisp, perhaps, but still something worth noting. They will to-day say to the *curé*, very daringly, "No, don't you trouble about drains and such like, they are not your business." The *curé* remains supreme in things spiritual, but in things worldly the *habitant* is thinking of asserting himself—he begins to dream of "muddling through." If a French-Canadian goes to America and comes back again, it is often as a reformer and agitator, anyhow as a man with opinions which he does not hesitate to express. He has learned by experience that affairs and ways in French Canada are not so far forward as they might be, and he says so and acts on the saying, all of which indicates another small impetus to the forward movement among French-Canadians.

However it comes and when it comes in any volume, this movement will not look to the outside—not to the United States in any political sense, not to France in any sense. The one-time talk about Canada being incorporated with the United States has left not a whisper in the Dominion. Canada is on her feet; she goes forward to greater ends, confident and at times more than confident. Her trade relations with the United States must grow larger and closer as the years go by, but her political relationships are shaping away from the boundary line on the south—that boundary line which you may, from the heights of Quebec, see touching the three States of Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire. On this matter, if on no other, the British and French-Canadians are solid, and as for the latter and France their interest is merely sentimental, a link with the

past, that and nothing more. They do not find anything of themselves in the France of to-day, with its uprooting of ecclesiastical authority, its expulsion of monks and nuns, its free-thought and its intensely modern views. So a well-known French-Canadian whom I met on board ship, returning from a three months' visit to Europe, remarked to me, and so I found everywhere among the French-Canadians. They cherish their French blood, and they prize the beautiful French language and the literature which it has enshrined, but to England they look as to a mother. She has been a good foster-mother to them, wisely good, by letting them dwell under the folds of her flag as a nation within a nation—by letting

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them preserve the things which were theirs in language, religion, and law. She has respected their sentiment, their heart as a people, and with communities, as with individuals, that is what really counts.

It was the same observant French-Canadian who related to me an anecdote that points a common road for the British and French of Canada to march along, shoulder to shoulder as the races have been marching in the Pageant of Quebec. He said that, some years ago, if he had been registering his name in a Paris hotel, he would, as a matter of course, have written after it, "French-Canadian." This summer he simply, naturally, unconsciously wrote "Canadian."

*James Milne.*

### THE TRAGEDY OF MICHAEL STAMP.

The greater part of his life had been spent upon the island, the little island off the blue green rolling hills of the Northumbrian coast, where rabbits and wild birds and a handful of men and women share the glories of clean sunshine and clean winds. Here he had been born, and here with scarcely a night's exception he had slept; but it is not to be thought that he was wholly insular or untravelled. Every day for thirty years he had driven a queer little shambling yellow trap, laden with letters and parcels and occasional passengers, across the sands to the mainland, and had returned in the same fashion in the evening.

Sometimes, at very low water, those sands were bare and brown and hard, with only one narrow shallow channel to be crossed; and sometimes his steady cob must pick his way for a mile or more with the water washing over the footboard of the swaying trap; but the conditions mattered little to horse or driver. The long line of posts were there as steady guides, and could be

followed even in the darkest winter night or when the rolling sea-fret wrapped the land and sea in a gray misty blanket. Then it was necessary to creep more cautiously from post to looming post, and a man was later in returning to his tea upon the island. That was really all the difference that darkness or eccentricities of the weather made to Michael Stamp. The duty was performed with the mechanical ease of practice, and yet undoubtedly the daily journey and the necessity for conversation with strange folk upon the mainland broadened the man's mind, and lifted him mentally a little above the plane of the shrewdly simple islanders.

It is extremely doubtful if Michael Stamp was fully aware of his mercies during those thirty years. Perhaps if he had been it would have proved him more than human. Not that he was a grumbler or discontented, but he did accept as a matter of course certain divine gifts that are beyond the hope of luckless townsmen. For life upon

the island held few anxieties of food or health. Illness was almost unknown, old age was the one mortal sickness, and food of its kind was cheap and good and plentiful. Butcher's meat might be rare, but home-cured bacon was not, and the boats brought in fish that could be purchased for a shilling a stone.

And there were other better matters provided by the gods for his enjoyment. As he drove towards the mainland, with the good salt smell of the sea in his nostrils, it was given to him to look upon a picture, ever varying but every beautiful, for the daily sight of which a man might well have sacrificed the chance of wealth. Far away to the left a stately castle towered upon the verge of the sea, and before him rose green sloping pastures that merged into blue and purple hills. The yellow smoky glare of a sunset behind those hills, dancing upon the ripples when the tide is in, or gleaming upon the brown naked sands and burning like a flame upon their shallow pools, can only make a man conscious of the clumsiness of words. Not that Michael Stamp in his great wisdom had need to recognize his limitations and futility. He took such matters as they came, in placid silence.

Wherefore no man may know how he was struck by the dark winding line of the island as he faced it daily upon his homeward journey, or by the glimpse of the derelict schooner fast upon the sands that would never know again the heave and lift of the wild North Sea. And yet, despite his silence, it is probable that he had a certain still affection for his daily round, for the sands and the posts and the sea, for the wild duck and the screaming wide-winged gulls, and above all for the island, with its wild flowers, its wild birds, and its sand dunes, that was his home.

Early in his twenties he had married a mainland girl, and had brought

her to a little stone cottage off the straggling main street of the tiny island village. Their one daughter chose the excitements of domestic service in a far-off town, and, when the pain of her departure had been eased by time, Michael and his wife prepared themselves for an old age that should be as peaceful as their youth. But fate had willed otherwise.

Michael was fifty-two when the three things occurred that turned aside the placid current of his life. Within one fortnight he found himself a childless widower and a cripple. His wife had never possessed the stamina of the hardy island women, and when the bleak east winds of that winter were at their keenest she contracted a chill which flew speedily to her lungs. Upon the day they buried her it was broken to Michael that his daughter had died of diphtheria two days before. It is the custom upon the island that the vicar of the little parish, brave above the wont of men, shall go in person to the cottages when ill news has come that must be told. Michael heard the tidings with a curious simplicity, and walked quite steadily to the service in the little churchyard beside the ruins of the old Priory. That day a substitute drove his trap to the mainland, but upon the following afternoon he prepared to take up the threads of his old life once more.

There was a thick sea-fret that evening, and it is likely that his old mare was rendered restless and uneasy by an instinctive sense of her master's trouble, and by the fact that the hand upon the reins was slacker than usual. She seems to have put her foot into a chance hole on the flat sands, and Michael was found pinned down beneath the trap with two broken ribs and a shattered leg. Had not a farmer's gig come up by fortune he would have been choked by the rising tide five minutes later.

These things are not the final tragedy of Michael's life, of which this story tells; but they left him very old and broken. He was never able to walk again without a stick, and in a few weeks' time his iron-gray hair and beard were white as the creaming waves. He had always been a small man, but now, with his stoop and his lameness, he appeared tiny indeed. He had saved a very little money, and, when his strength returned in part, the Lord of the Manor entrusted to him the care of the Priory ruins. From that day began the second and more striking phase of his life.

The Priory, that, with the Castle, is the chief pride of the island, stands behind the low sea wall, almost within touch of the waves at high tide. It is not proposed to sketch its history here; it is sufficient to say that it was raised in 1093 by Benedictine monks upon the ruins of an old Saxon Abbey that had been destroyed by the ravaging Danes. It is built of soft pink sandstone, and with the flush of the sunset upon its crumbling walls it forms a picture sufficiently entrancing. One single exquisite Norman arch rises clear of the rest in a glorious curve, and is a thing to haunt one's dreams. Soon enough the red-tinted ruins threw their enchantment over the soul of Michael Stamp, and took the place in his heart that had been held by his wife and child.

This, in the case of a simple half-educated peasant, may appear an overstatement, but it is not so. The Priory possesses a real and definite magic that is unfailing in its power. Americans have been known to stand before it in unbroken silence, and it is upon record that sternly dissatisfied Scotch tourists have been moved by its witchery almost to tears. Michael Stamp began by being merely proud of his great trust, but in a little while his pride had merged into a love that

was somewhat pathetic in its strength.

He was, as has been said, a very tiny man, and in those days his wrinkled face was almost entirely covered by white hair. His cottage was within a stone's throw of the Priory, and expectant visitors were seldom kept standing for long before the wrought iron gate that had been let into the old red-flushed stone of the entrance. Within a minute they would see him hobbling down towards them on his two sticks, clad in the neat sombre black that he never discarded. His eyes were gray, and as earnest and simple as any child's. His manner, as he made a point in his description of his charge, was sometimes almost threatening in its seriousness.

But most often he would be found, key in hand, within the gate, gazing with absent reverent eyes at the mellow ruined walls that rose around him. The sound of a step would rouse him, and he would gird himself eagerly for his labor of love. His demeanor as he received a stranger was quaintly paternal, and he was swift to gauge his capacities, his interest, and his experience. He would encourage guesses as to the nature of the strange creature carved upon the wall of the winding staircase in the left-hand tower, and finally would answer that it was held by many to be a "Griffon." But he left it to be inferred from his grave headshake that he himself had other theories. Beside the bases of the three huge pillars in the chancel he would put the first of his test questions. "They tell me they're the same as those in Durham Cathedral," he would remark dispassionately, with his pleasant soft northern accent. "Now, can you tell me the meaning of those three joined angles cut upon them?"

When, haply, you had confessed your ignorance, he would explain that they were symbolical of the Trinity, and you would feel that you had taken



your proper lowly place in his regard. But if you were respectfully eager for information, his kindly patience was worthy of a father with a child, nor did he ever grudge repetition when his musical sing-song was unintelligible to ignorant southern ears.

With grave indignation he used to indicate one pointed arch which stands out curiously among its rounded neighbors. This, it seemed, had been restored in recent years "by a good workman but an ignorant man!" Mr. Stamp would say. And then he would point out the piscina, that had been accidentally flagged over by the same too willing hand, and the square cowed monks' heads of stone that you could just distinguish beside the windows. If, through dimness of sight, or other causes, you could not make these out, he was a little vexed and disappointed, and would take pains that you should do so.

Thence it was his habit to lead the visitor into the outer court, where careful excavations had been made in recent years, and to outline the site of the narrow cloisters, where once the good monks paced with busy beads or chatted in more human fashion. A few yards took you to the foot of the winding stair that once led to their dormitories, and it was not unimpressive to note how the sandalled feet had eaten into the stone steps. Near to this was the Prior's kitchen, with the remains of two wide chimneys still blackened by the smoke of countless fires before which had been prepared savory dishes for the great ones of the Church. He showed you the surprising thickness of the outer walls, that must once have measured six feet and more, and led you past the ruined library to the lay workmen's buildings. Here had been the stables, and here in a corner was the prison for refractory monks. A grim dreary cell this must have been, lit by one narrow barred

window, and secured by a miniature portcullis doorway. Near at hand was the well, somewhat sparsely boarded over, and Michael Stamp never failed to tell the moving anecdote of the two wilful American ladies who *would* stand upon those boards, despite his entreaties and commands.

"And what happened to them?" you asked in an awed whisper, as he paused dramatically.

"Ah! it stood them," he always answered, almost grimly. "But I was main surprised it did!"

It was unwise to laugh at this point, and in a moment he was pointing to a curious but indefinite hole in the grass-covered stonework beside the wall.

"And what think you that that was?" he would ask, quite sternly.

When you had hazarded a suggestion, he would smile whimsically and reveal a certain worldly shrewdness of which you had not suspected him.

"There's some who think it was the wine-cellar," he used to say. "But is it likely they'd keep the wine out here among the workmen? No, no; I don't think it. Two gentlemen were here a while ago, and they made a suggestion to me which I've come to think may not be wrong. They thought it might have been the bath, with the water from the well quite handy."

It was difficult, whatever your views, to deny agreement to his earnest eyes, and next he was speaking of the oubliette in the corner, before limping towards the bakery with its great oven and the buttery hatch. Then he led you to the site of the oblong refectory, and pointed out the dais for the lector, and the open fireplace. The brewery, the store rooms, and the treasure chamber, with the holes for the heavy bars still apparent in the slit-like windows, he was disposed to hurry by, as though eager to lead you to his choicest item, which he had reserved with fine instinct to the last. For, outside the walls,

might be seen the stone coffin of a disgraced monk, who had been buried, as a warning to the shocked, bovine brethren, with his head against the bakery oven.

When you had seen all these wonders, which Michael Stamp contrived because of his great love to make more interesting than I can do, you gave him what small sum your generosity or your avarice suggested, and left him to return to the magpies and the pigeons in the winding stairs and to a contemplation of the old red stones that had become a part of his being.

It is to be supposed that Michael Stamp found happiness in those days, for happiness sometimes comes to a man who gives his whole strength and heart to one object. He possessed no other interest in life beyond the Priory, and he devoted his powers to the perfecting of his understanding of its history. His memory seemed unfailing, and he never degenerated into the mechanical gabble of the hardened professional curator. From that abyss, at least, he was saved by his own love and the mercy of the gods. But he had borne many things in his day, and another shadow was to fall upon him before the greatest and most merciful of all shadows fell.

One morning, soon after his sixtieth birthday, as he limped with two strangers round the ruins, he was conscious of a lack of clearness in his ideas, and of a certain break in the current of his description. The strangeness of the sensation frightened him, and in a little while he found himself standing with his clients before the Prior's kitchen and unable to recollect what it had been. He stood in misery, conscious that his tale could be picked up a few paces on, but assured that this particular point was nothing but a dreadful blank. Luckily his charges were not especially intelligent or interested, and had noticed nothing. He led

them on to the remains of the prison cell, where his memory returned, and he was able to go through the rest of his task, more mechanically than usual, but without an actual stumble.

He was feeling strangely sleepy, and he returned to his cottage, where he fell into a heavy doze. But the hour of sunset found him again within the ruins. He stood beneath the lovely single arch, a small, dark, lonely figure in the tawny light, and he strove to face the possibility that his memory was going from him. But he could not do so, for he realized dimly that this would mean the stealing of all love and color from his life. The ruins were all that he had now, and if his memory failed him, if his pride in their care and in the telling of their story were taken away, there would be nothing left for which to live.

He was not an imaginative man, and his religious views were strangely simple and puritanical; but he had grown to fancy that sometimes the old monks returned of an evening to their earthly home. In the shadows of the long summer twilights he had often thought quite seriously that he could detect their dark-robed figures, and it pleased him to fancy that they liked old Michael Stamp because of his fondness for their Priory. This belief was strong upon him now, and he spoke aloud, as he stood in the slowly waning yellow light: "I don't rightly know if you can hear me," he said, "but you know that I'm main fond of your old red stones. I'm small and lame, but I'm not so very old yet. You might put in a word for me, and ask that I may go on remembering things for a while."

He had spoken quite earnestly, and he stood for a little time as though expecting an answer. Then his face crinkled, and he laughed with a sort of whimsical chiding for his own folly. He was wondering what any of the islanders would have said if they had

heard his words. But the laughter died with pitiful abruptness, for there was at his heart a real terror that might not be conquered or thrust away. He limped back to his cottage, and no sleep came to him that night until the sunrise had tinged the sea with pink.

When he awoke his fear came back to him in a black wave and dulled the golden sunshine. He lay for a little while, striving to go item by item through the account of the ruins that he gave to visitors. But his mind was very dull and heavy. . . . He crept from his bed at last, and, forgetful of breakfast, hobbled out towards the Priory. His face was white and drawn, but there was still the brightness of hope in his serious gray eyes. Surely, with the sight of the red stones and the old ordered round, his memory would return and all be as before? He would believe, he must believe, that this dreadful blankness which had come so suddenly would be swept away.

But, an hour later, a woman standing at her cottage door saw Michael Stamp creep by. She thought that he seemed even smaller and more bent than usual, and she wondered that he he did not return his customary gravely courteous answer to her greeting; but she had other matters to attend to, and even her keen sight could not detect the dull, hopeless misery in his eyes. Afterwards, when the queer stroke or illness that had come to Michael Stamp was public property, she remembered many details that she had noticed—and even more that she had not—and the triumph of the discoverer was hers in countless conversations.

Fate in real life does not always do its work with cleanness. It would perhaps have been better if Michael had died upon the day he knew his fate. But he lived on, his querulous ill-temper in sad contrast to his former gently reserved calm, and for a while he still haunted the ruins, although a

younger man had taken his place. He was striving to remember, and he hated his successor with an exceeding bitterness. In those first days he would air his troubles to any who would listen. But after a while this mood passed, and then he shut himself in his cottage and scarcely stirred abroad from day to day.

One summer night, thirteen months after the loss of his memory, when for half a year he had kept away from his former charge, Michael Stamp dreamed a strange dream. It should be said that those months had brought about a striking change in his appearance. He had always been thin, but now his flesh was shrunken, and his eyes appeared too large for his face. He had also lost his scrupulous neatness of person, and his white hair was long and tangled. He dreamed that night that he awoke and dressed himself with his old care, and then walked through the moonlight to the Priory. It seemed to him in his dream that his lameness had vanished, and that he walked without his sticks.

The ruins were very stately and silent and aloof in the cold white moonlight. As he saw them in his dream his eyes grew wet and his small wrinkled hands began to shake a little. He opened the iron gate with his old key, and locked it carefully behind him. Then he went steadily forward through the outer court and beyond, and as he went he repeated softly the details and the story that he had been used to tell before his memory went. But now he was telling them, he knew, more beautifully and completely than ever in his life before. And the knowledge filled his heart with warmth.

He knew that all was very well with him at last. His memory had come back, and with it had come such powers as he had never known. Past the well and the refectory and all the old remembered spots he went, until he

returned to where the great single arch swept up into the moonlight. And there he sank down upon the ground, for he was strangely weary. All about him the figures of the old monks were pacing, and he nodded to them in a friendly, grateful fashion.

"You've been very good to me. You heard what I asked," he said, simply.

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

"You knew that it was bitter hard for me not to remember, and so you spoke a word for me. It's all well now."

He smiled very happily, and it seemed to him in his dream that he laid back his tired head against the old red stones and went to sleep. . . .

And it was there that they found him in the morning.

*John Barnett.*

### CHILDREN ON THE SANDS.

It is a rather curious thing that Stevenson, in the "Child's Garden of Verses," has hardly a dozen lines about children at the seaside. The air and the sunlight of the sands, you would think, would have blown about him more strongly than the winds of the fields and the trees. He would have seen and looked for what children see and look for; he would have felt the strange sense of immensity which comes to a child when it first stands on an empty shore with the sea a green rim hundreds of yards away; he would have known all that was to be done with castles and moats and bridges and rivers and pools among the rocks, and he would have written somewhere of the indefinable melancholy that settles on a child's mind when the days lessen before the railway journey home again. The Friend of the Children would be sure to be by. Yet the children of the "Garden of Verses" belong instead to playgrounds inland, hayfields and farms and gardens and rivers with ships sailing down to the sea. They only once go to the sea themselves, and then only to dig on the shore. The magic of sun-bright sea-water shines round them; they must see it, but they go on with their digging, and do not lift their heads.

If they would answer, and tell you what they saw round them, what would they begin with? Perhaps the

white, dusty road down to the sea, with the pale-pink convolvulus creeping at the roots of the meadow barley, and poppies glowing in the green wheat edging the grasses. Beyond the wheat lie the downs, with a great gaunt windmill on the nearest slope, black against a sky that lightens to the gray of heat low above the shoulder of the hill. The beach begins differently in different places. Everywhere it is dry and baking hot, with large, chalk-powdered stones that smell of tar and scorched salt, and are horrible to walk over, because they do not crunch but tilt. But here there are nets spread to catch the sun and be mended; and it is a cleaner way past the nets and ropes, which steam of sea-water, than by the lobster-pots over there, which would be much better back in the sea again. A newly varnished boat, a little way down the slope, is an attractive thing, particularly the paint on the back of the seat and the gilt name, the "Saucy Nancy"; but the whole boat smells of the sea, salt and hot. Below the boat comes the real shingle. It has been touched by the sea at the last tide, and lies in a ridge of much smaller, brighter stones, which crash and crunch and probably tip half-a-dozen tiny little pebbles over the edge of your shoe; they have to be taken out again, which wastes time. Beyond the sharp slope of shingle is a stretch of stony

sand, extremely uncomfortable to walk over without shoes on; black, knobby, flinty stones are half buried in a sand which is a mixture of powdered coal and chalk, and which is quite impossible to dig in, as you can prove for yourself any day when the tide is going down to the real sand rather slowly. On a beach with shingle at the top there are three other kinds of sand. One is hard and ribbed, and digs rather stiffly; another has mud just below it, and is no use for anything; the best of all is a warm, light-colored, very smooth patch that lies rather like an island with curved banks and a river running round behind it down from somewhere out of the shingle. A wooden spade goes deeper and more easily into that kind of sand, and it is extremely convenient to have the river at hand for water and the moat.

A castle can be a very simple building, merely a mound to bid defiance to the incoming tide, or it may be designed for serious defence, which is another matter altogether. If it is to be a fortress against which the tide is to advance in vain, it should be broad and flat, with plenty of room for two or three children to stand on, a deep moat in front with a channel leading down to the sea so that the water can come up more easily, or can be led up with a spade, and a wide slope of sand built up behind down which you can retreat dryshod when the next wave will wash right over the top of the castle. That is probably the best sort of castle for children who are not allowed to take off their shoes and stockings, and have to keep their feet dry, though generally it is rather wetting waiting for the last wave of all. Another kind is more scientific, and intended to stand a siege; it has a drawbridge over the moat, and doorways in which grenadiers can be posted, and battlements with riflemen firing volleys over the top, and certainly two or three flags

flying in different parts. Such a fort is best with a garden, laid out with flowers and pebble borders, and it can even stand in its own park-like, well-wooded grounds if there is enough tamarisk to be had to stick about for trees. But on the whole, especially for children who are allowed to get as wet as they like, castles are not as interesting as ponds. The proper site for a pond, or rather for a string of ponds, is the bed of one of the rivers flowing down from the shingle. If the first pond is banked up in the right way to hold a quantity of water, another can be dug a few yards below it, with a trench connecting the two, and then the water can be let out of the one into the other at a convenient opportunity, when it simply rushes down the trench. If the pond is large enough, a boat can be sailed on it, or at all events can be in it; but as a rule natural pools are better for sailing boats than artificial pools. It is one of the advantages of really good sands that you can always leave the sand and wander about the rocks, or go shrimping in the pools or the sea itself. Shrimps are the most invisible creatures possible. You may come to a pool in which there are known to be shrimps, and you will not see one, though the whole floor of the pool may be pitted with marks where they have moved and lain. Then the water is touched with a child's foot, and the brown floor is alive with darting, transparent ghosts and tiny puffs and clouds of sand. Open, sunny pools are perhaps the pleasantest to walk in; but there is a fascination of their own in the darker, colder pools among the rocks, when you can see the bottom and know there are no large crabs hiding in the weed. Here are a pair of small fish, like baby whiting, imprisoned till the far tide comes up again, and as transparent almost as the shrimps; here is a group of sea-anemo-



nes, one with its brown-crimson tentacles stirring gently, another closed and asleep, another set round with a ring of blue jewels like turquoises; here is the broken fluke of an anchor of a ship that was wrecked on the rocks a hundred years ago; here the chalky stones are sharp with pholas-shells, and a queer little spirt of water jumps up from a hole where some strange live creature is working, perhaps feeding. Here is the very pool where St. Brendan taught the water-babies, cool with dark-green seaweed and paved with shells, pink and white and violet; perhaps Tom himself was hiding under the seaweed when Ellie and the Professor came over the rocks, and the Professor caught him, and he bit the Professor and dived into the sea again.

A hundred and fifty years ago, when Brighton was Brighthelmstone, and Dr. Richard Russell had only just discovered the uses of sea-bathing, nobody but very brave or very mad people went into the sea, and doubtless the seashore as a playground for children was hardly thought of. What other playground could possible take its place? Or is it nothing more than a playground? To a child it must be something much more; a world, surely, of new meanings and new possibilities. New beings inhabit it: strange creatures of uncouth shapes that belong to fairy-tales, that move with outlandish gaits, that vanish as elves and spirits

*The Spectator.*

vanish. A child confronted with a fair-sized crab for the first time sees a creature which perhaps looks to him rather like a large spider. He regards it with caution, and steps from immediately in front of it in case it should decide to attack him. Instantly it takes on the attributes of goblins and runs at him sideways, sidles to a pool, and disappears in a second below the sand. The sense of a playground merges in the knowledge of fairy-land. The real sense of a playground comes to older persons watching; wondering, perhaps, whether they are not playing with the children, rather than the children with the sand. Children, if they think of the shore as a playground, think of it as a place always changing and always new, where they can build as they please, find what they can, drive rivers by new courses, catch and keep tiny animals that they could never catch inland. In the gardens and fields the butterflies fly away, the rabbits will not sit still to be patted; but at the seaside it is different; the baby fish and shrimps and crabs are there to be caught and admired in pails. Others playing with the playing children can be no less happy, wondering over the grace and slowness of them seen alone on wide stretches of shore, and watching their hands and feet gleaming in the sunlight and the wet sand.

## FORECASTS OF TO-MORROW.

### (CONCLUSION)

The world has gone "spinning down the grooves of change" with accelerated motion since Tennyson hailed the Liberal millennium in "Locksley Hall." Are we rejoicing at its advent? Mr. Wells, who proclaims a universal Republic, with Science for its Grand Vizier and Lord High Executioner, does not

think so. He laughs when "Democracy" is exalted as the permanent state of the future. What, he asks, do we mean by Democracy? The "Rights of Man" embodied in French rhetoric? Freedom to think, speak, print as we like; absolute private property; the abolition of special privileges and re-



strictions? Government by election, and the popular will? Suppose it to include all these ideas; what are the facts? On countless points there is no collective will; men and their rights never can be equal. Democracy has not been accepted on grounds of reason, but sprang up when machinery and industrial expansion created a new world which the ruling classes did not know how to manage. It was a revolt, not an organic development; and, in brief, simply a negation. This is the view Carlyle spent his life in reiterating with bitter eloquence; in Mr. Wells he has found a disciple who adds that, when the new intelligent forces come to their own, the interlude now mis-called democratic will pass away. In the political order it merely represents a condition of anarchy ("deliquescence" our prophet would say) which has followed the break-up of Christendom into elements disconnected or hostile. Like Dr. Petrie, the writer of "Anticipations" perceives diversity growing, classes in conflict, and laws a temporary compromise between old and new. The situation is unprecedented. All things are in flux. Our measures of distance, or the working average day, must determine how and where the homes of to-morrow shall be. Town has destroyed village, and great cities absorb the population. But with novel means of transit a centrifugal movement is setting in which may scatter our Babylons over the land, until town and country become relative terms. We may hope to see "urban regions" instead of packed unwholesome "slum-areas"; the city will serve as a bazaar, the cottage with its garden will revive; and agriculture upon ampler and more economical lines will pretty well make an end of small holdings and Tory magnates. Shareholding plutocrats are buying up the fine old English gentleman. American heiresses cannot save the House of Lords by marrying into

it. The "uneducated, inadaptably peasant and laborer," upon whom the social pyramid was raised, "are crumbling down towards the Abyss." What of the *bourgeoisie*? It is disappearing in a confusion which mingles all classes together. As for the unfit, they do not increase, but are recruited from "the contingent of death," who will be always with us wherever social progress is made. The unemployed, who are in fact unemployable, perish but are constantly renewed, and cannot as a class be got rid of. So that two kinds of people hang upon our social system as parasites—the shareholder who, in French phrase, does nothing but "eat his rents," and the loafer who has none to eat. Both find support from an industry to which they never lend a hand. Irresponsible property, irremediable poverty—both alike, in Mr. Wells' opinion, will be present a hundred years hence in any Republic that may spring up out of chaos. Yet their condition need not be what it is now.

Stockjobbing in all its branches gave rise to the shareholding class; which, being protected by law under Democracy, takes toll from every side but has no other duty. Of course, we are speaking in the abstract. Dividends received must spread themselves again; the smallest partner in a company is to that extent a capitalist. He spends or invests his profits, and so becomes a circulating medium. But, while subject to the risks attendant on speculation, the *rentier* turns over to some one else all the burden of managing his property. He may sleep the time out; dividends will accrue or diminish regardless of one who is their effect rather than their cause. What, now, will explain so remarkable a birth of time? Mr. Wells answers acutely, "the dividend of the shareholder was the tribute the new enterprise had to pay to the old wealth." He is the feudal overlord, not yet bought out, released

meanwhile from feudal obligations. Can he be eliminated? No, replies the seer, we must always reckon with possessors of earlier advantages whom the vanguard of progress would like to oust. As an individual or a corporation the shareholder will exact his royalty on invention; and in the Socialist State he would be represented by the community itself. This unexpected stroke falls with ironical effect on the Utopian, who believes that, even if his Cloud-Cuckoo-Land cannot altogether escape poverty, at least it will have done with the *rentier*. But "Anticipations" teaches us that it will not be so. For many masters one will be substituted—shall we term it the omnipotent Trust?

Meantime, Democracy is on its trial. It can take a hundred shapes, from the despotic rule of the centre to a village union, with freedom varying in every degree. Mr. Wells might borrow wisdom as a critic of its imperfections if he would glance over Plato's "Republic," a masterpiece that will be read when our Utopias, literary and machine-made, have gone thither "*ubi non nata jacent*." It is undeniable that popular voting does not create, and constantly fails to recognize, the ability by which alone a nation vanquishes competitors. Moreover, the need of checks upon absolute power is just as obvious when elected persons govern as when birth and privilege administer the laws. That commonplace which reckons the democratic tyranny as the worst, because it acts in the people's name, is far from having exhausted its significance. French Socialists in office declare, as the Standard Oil Company does, that they are "the people." To question their mandates is nothing short of high treason. Shall we, then, after a period of confusion and inefficiency, pass on with science towards a new order of things, established not on majority-votes, nor on abstract rights,

but on a real governing class, the strongest, wisest, and most practical developed since the ancient feudal days? Mr. Wells is convinced that events are ripening for this consummation. He dreams, somewhat as M. Renan dreamt in his "Philosophic Dialogues," of an oligarchy or Senate of Supermen, all experts, who shall rule the nations with a rod of iron—electrified.

This electricity is a wonderful thing. The novelist whom women delight to honor by endless editions, has taught us to see in the magnetic current a stream of grace. The Higher Life springs up between the positive and the negative poles, as if it were an arc-light to be turned on at pleasure. Mr. Wells in his *feuilleton* for the "Daily Chronicle" thrilled its readers by the adventures of a comet, which was to wrap them in an atmosphere of golden-green gas and change their hearts by quickening their aspirations. The virtues of oxygen were never more splendidly portrayed. We will not call these aids to perfection by any base disparaging name; for, when everything is said, Mr. Wells and Miss Corelli (O rare conjunction of wits!) grant a soul in the man thus pleasantly regenerated. Who knows but he might still have become a new creature without laughing-gas or wireless telegraphy, as in the dark ages when they were not found out? The world's renewal by associated engineers will, indeed, be a miracle, if it ever takes place. For what religion is there in the parallelogram of forces? Or how does it appear that human nature grows more divine as machinery improves? This electric expert, we are told, will be "vitally important" to the progressive State; but who is to make of him a philosopher, contemplating all time and all existence from the highest point of view? Let us throw in the chemist, the doctor, the biologist, with all their instru-

ments—will they from germs and elements deduce a moral code superior to the Christian, or furnished with sanctions more imperative?

To a mind so earnest as that which dictated these "Anticipations," and the sequels—not quite so brilliant—given to them later, the problem of religion cannot seem, as to many German or French system-builders, a thing of the past. His experts will be required to solve it; and, in fact, Mr. Wells does not shrink from describing them as the "Sect of Reason," convinced that order in the universe, which they act upon everywhere as their principle, demands a sovereign intellect apart from which laws of nature cannot exist. Reminiscences of eighteenth century Deism float over the Mechanical Period. But when the scientific man has made his bow to the Supreme, he turns to practice, leaves the next world to take care of itself, and behaves so like a Positivist that he will certainly charm Mr. Frederic Harrison. He will not pin his faith to Christianity, or believe in the fall of Adam, or trouble much about sin. And though his life will be orderly, yet, if he judges the bringing-up of children inexpedient, he may grant himself a plenary indulgence for conduct which Mr. Wells, who does not recommend it, terms "sterile vice." Science would then fall under the poet's anathema, making itself "procuress to the lords of hell." This hardly promises regeneration for mankind; our ethical "Ought" becomes so accommodating that in the wide grey twilight we cease to distinguish between the color of good and evil, or even mistake the wolf for the house-dog.

With a romancer's enchanting touch the prophet sketches that extraordinary time. He conjures up the idle rich who embalm a luxurious, archaic, lawless decadence in forms ever more peculiar, in strange old Roman aberrations

from the normal, in a religion of the senses, in public and permitted outrages on what was long held to be sacred. The woman of the future, born in this class or bought into it, will deserve the name invented by a quick-sighted essayist who has watched her coming, of "a daughter of Belial." Depravity will be magnificent and condoned. If even now the modern woman is not proud to be a mother, we may expect, in the dissolution following on that predicted collapse of the *bourgeoisie*, a "childless, disunited, shifting ménage" to greet us where the old English home once overspread the land. Our engineers themselves will take wives, it would seem, from Gilton or other serious institutions; but they may find in their not very attractive household a Madame Bovary, haunted by the splendors of the courtesan. If the skilled expert makes money, it is yet the kings of wealth who spend it, above all in the market where Eve's daughters are on view. Competition there will "prevent many women from becoming mothers of a regenerating world." The engineer's wife, too, will often use her husband's earnings in some "pleasant discrepant manner," which we need not too closely examine. The "child-infested" home (what a curious expression on the lips of a moralist!) will be increasingly rare; and when husband and wife are leading separate selfish lives, how much of the sanctity of marriage will remain? Sanctity? With an absentee God, sterile vice, unlimited divorce, motherhood dishonorable in most, and the examples of Eastern nations permeating our Empire, the less we say about sanctity in marriage the better. Liberty means variety; and if law does not broaden down, the law-breakers, eminently rich and in social contact with each other, will be a law unto themselves.

It is disquieting to observe that men

so unlike in temper as Dr. Petrie and Mr. Wells agree in their prediction of an assault on the family life, encouraged or not put down by the Governments of the future. Dr. Petrie thinks the day of "absolute" morality is drawing to a close. He would be prepared, if we understand him aright, to set up "island communities" where these different types of marriage and no-marriage might each prevail. "Anticipations," with more likelihood, pictures society as "a vast, drifting, and unstable population grouped in almost every conceivable form." But let this be observed; neither in a Socialist régime, nor in the decadent State which may lead up to it, is the family taken as that primal unit of order which it really was under the old law of Christendom. The individual is in both cases, from a legal point of view, what caricature has termed him; "born a foundling, dying a bachelor," he owes no duties to his parents, and is released from the duty of providing for his children. It is the State, not the husband, that endows maternity. Socialism now, with Professor Lester Ward, looks on to a "matriarchate" as its future form.

What, then, in the "New Republic," would open acceptance of diversity in marriage signify? Not any regulation of wills and bequests as bearing on the preservation of family ties, but an approval by public opinion of connections now reprobated. In other words, law is to take the office hitherto held by religion; but is to soothe or satisfy consciences not altogether easy in condoning lust. Yet let us hear the verdict which unexpectedly sums up Mr. Wells's judgment: "The world of the coming time will have its Homes, its real Mothers, the custodians of the human succession, and its cared-for children, the inheritors of the future, but in addition . . . there will be an enormous complex of establishments, and hotels, and sterile house-

holds and flats, and all the elaborate furnishing and appliances of a luxurious extinction."

Here is an argument for the old order, not built on any speculation, but drawn from tendencies already illustrated by facts and figures in France, the United States, and to an increasing degree in England. It may be called the "reduction to death" of those premisses, Malthusian or economic, by which grave teachers justify marriage without maternity, terminable unions, divorce at the good pleasure of husband or wife, such as M. Briand would have to be French law. Moreover, this edict of extinction will apply to the childless expert no less than to the wealthy decadent. What guarantee has Mr. Wells that his engineers will forego the advantages held out by fashionable morality in their young and struggling days? Why should they care about leaving children to carry on the State any more than the owner of riches or the mere voluptuary? Is there ground for ascribing to the study of natural science those virtues on which monogamy relies? It has always existed, we are told, "on the merits of the wife," who is eminently disinterested about science, while she recognizes in religion a power that supports her claim. When that power falls, marriage will suffer from the shock. Polygamy has never been favorable to civilization; and a liberty passing more and more into Free Love, with no desire for offspring, would end it. The practical people, Mr. Wells confidently anticipates, "will be a moral people." Their positive science will reprobate vice. But, as "for one morality there will be many moralities," will not vice and virtue come to signify what we please? We suspect that Christians alone, in that weltering confusion, will preserve their homes from the Black Death raging round them. Socialism, says Mr. Wells in his latest pages, is coming

more and more to approve of permanent marriage; at all events, it is not against it. Monogamy would be a pious opinion; but the free mother, subsidized by the State, leaves us perplexed.

In comparison with problems like these, what may happen to language, literature, commerce, or even to democracy, is of small moment. One thing remains for ever true; we cannot improvise the man or the woman that shall be a clear improvement on actual types. Whether Pidgin-English, or South American Spanish, or the French of good society, will be spoken in the World-Republic a hundred years hence, we need not determine. That the last great war will be won by knowledge under guidance of character; that moral decay is the prelude to national ruin; that the school and the home are the battlefields where a people undergo defeat or rise to victory; and that ideals control events in the long run—if we grant all this, what follows? It follows that we should choose the right ideals and live up to them.

The new synthesis will "favor the procreation of what is fine and efficient and beautiful in humanity," says Mr. Wells. Expound to us then the principles on which you distinguish the better from the worse amid conflicting moralities. You commend "modest suicide"; you allow that "in many cases the emergent men of the new time will consider sterile gratification a moral and legitimate thing"; you would poison or otherwise painlessly eliminate the unfit; and your Ironsides will have their Inquisition, their Index, their "electrocutors" or givers of hemlock, pretty constantly engaged until the weeding out is done. With a really magnificent trust in private judgment you write concerning monogamic marriage, "Upon this matter I must confess my views of the trend of things in the future do not seem to be finally

shaped." "My views"! Were a Roman Pontiff to speak in this fashion how the world would exclaim! But is it not possible that other experts in mechanism may take other views, even after yours have been laid down? All we can conclude from hesitation on such a point by so temperate a philosopher is that in the reign of the Ironsides moral anarchy will prevail. The unfit, doomed upon Darwinian motives to extinction, in a Republic where opinion is free, will not be without defenders. You must come back to dogma, with biologists for the Fathers of your Church. But under your handling science is only of the finite, whereas religion promises to man the infinite. Will you make of Christianity a friend or a foe? That is the final issue. It will not be decided by murdering the unfit in chambers of horror, nor yet by "ampler groupings" of the dissolute who patronize the new ethics. If man is simply a passing phantom, and he knows it, he orders his life in one way; if a pilgrim towards eternity, in quite another. Perhaps the time is not far distant when parties, governments, and even religions will be divided by one clear line between the "Mortals" and the "Immortals"—between those who measure values by their relation to death, which cuts off hope, and those who believe in life everlasting. The writer of "New Worlds for Old" belongs already to the "Mortals." He talks indeed of the "final rightness of all being"; but his "euthanasia of the weak and sensual," his sterile vice in the more cultivated—which I take leave to call murder and lust regulated by science—point directly towards man's extinction. This "wide and reasoned view of philosophy" ends at the hateful cypresses which lift themselves above a vanished world.

When we turn to "Varuna" we understand why it must be so. There is something in us, says Herr Hentschel,



besides organic elements and their combination for which no science will account. That, however, is precisely what makes us human. It creates the undying interest with which we follow the fortunes of genius, the rise and fall of nations, the struggle for supremacy among races. Evolution depends on the mind. In each individual we may see the conflict going forward between inherited nature and rational will. Choice, not necessity, utters the last word. Freedom is no empty hypothesis, but a fact as certain as any with which our laboratories are concerned. If we allow the great "cosmic unity," now worshipped by so many, we must limit or modify its action in view of the higher life. And that life, "Varuna" maintains, is embodied in racial types, of which the noblest has long been victorious over the less worthy, but is confronted by perils such as never yet were known. The crisis of the white man is upon him. Philosophers who were dominated by scientific considerations—Spencer, Virchow, Schäffle, for instance—would have sacrificed race and country to an abstract cosmopolitan idea. In effect this was all one with inviting the Aryan to surrender his leadership, to lose himself in an amalgam of yellow, dark, and inferior populations. Here is the danger which Democracy has brought in its train—this pretence of an equality between the unequal, of rights asserted by the weak against the strong whom a foolish theory, Delilah-like, is reducing to impotence. Revolution has always proved fatal to the fair-haired folk, lords by right over the swarthy peoples around the Mediterranean from times immemorial, ever since these Aryans came in ships to Europe, or migrated thence into Asia.

Welghed down with disquisitions often unconvincing, "Varuna" has yet many excellent points of view. It connects in masterly fashion the doctrine

of equal rights with that of absolute property in land, tracing both to the Roman Law, by which an Imperial democracy was established. Others had thrown out hints in this direction, jurists like Savigny, and men of letters like Renan; but to the general reader and voter such a pedigree of the principles of 1789 will come with a shock. Two things, however, it explains upon which the whole modern movement in the State has been revolving since the *ancien régime* fell to pieces. One is the changed nature of property in land; the other is the rise of the proletariat. On these foundations capitalism, as law now recognizes it, overtops our social system. We may sum it up even more sharply in a single phrase. If we ask, what did the French Revolution effect, the answer is that, in abolishing privilege, it transformed land and labor into commodities. Henceforth, money in the open market could purchase either on its own terms. Property had no duties beyond paying taxes; land became a "movable thing," or what lawyers term personality; labor was a ware to be sold by competition among workmen at the lowest price.

Now we can understand the expansion of towns, the drift of population to larger markets of men and women, the decay of agriculture, the declining birth-rate. Economic motives account for all. "Varuna" labels this industrial world Semite or Roman indifferently; Semite, for its kings are bankers and mostly Jews; Roman, because its tribunals regard every contract on the principles laid down in the Code of Justinian. It is a state of war disguised as peace. To such law neither chivalry nor religion nor honor is known. The written agreement—the bond—is all it considers. Usury, therefore, reigns unchecked, with its exploitation of distress, its evictions from farmstead and tenement, its demand for child-labor and female operatives, as costing less than



the fathers of families. The home has ceased to be inviolable. Wage-earning is the only "nexus" that now remains—an admirably chosen word, for it means slavery, "indentured labor." So indentured, however, that the risk falls on the slave, who may not claim from his employer subsistence, much less security for old age, but merely the price of his bargain. The one safe being under this "law of the desert" is the wealthy shareholder, cosmopolitan, anonymous, Jew or Gentile, but increasingly to be found among the children of Abraham. Thus "Varuna" depicts our urban civilization with many a stroke of satire; but who will deny that the picture corresponds to a real world?

This, then, was the Revolution in fact, not as the Marsellaise hymns it, or as Liberal advocates themselves believed it to be. When Mr. Hyndman, the Socialist, repeats what Marx or Lassalle insisted upon, that 1789 and 1793 turned to the profit of the *bourgeois*, he is merely telling us how the fixed capital of earlier times was unfixed, made movable and fluent, passing from château, abbey, cottage, into the hands of the money-lender. For "credit" is nothing else than this. Add now those provisions in the Code Napoléon, essentially Jacobin, by which the family estate is parcelled out to every member equally, and see what follows. The solid land is thrown, as lawyers would say, into hotch-potch; it becomes a meal for the capitalist, who devours it without grace. Or, if any considerable share is to be snatched from his jaws, the family must be kept down by neo-Malthusian methods. France, therefore, loses in population as the "High Finance" gains in power. And wherever that device of Bonaparte's for levelling ranks and breaking great houses can find its way, there is an end of the old social hierarchy. Enforced liquidation applied to real

property was well summed up by an Austrian Jew; "It is a mincing-machine," he said, "where Hans goes in a farmer and comes out a day-laborer." Such is the Grand Arcanum which makes gold for the "gombeen man" and a proletariat for the city. Land falls out of cultivation under heavy mortgages and low prices; the village decays, the brewer flourishes; in three or four generations a yeomanry thus driven to migrate, to become factory hands, will be extinct. Figures prove that the town does not breed its own inhabitants beyond this term. If not recruited from outside they dwindle and pass away.

One further observation completes the indictment. While progressive peoples are thus wandering from home, or shrinking in numbers, their place is taken by a less developed type. In New England the French Canadian supplants the Puritan; in Southern France the Italian enters; and the Pole is marching in his thousands towards the Rhine, or settling on the deserted feudal estates of Eastern Prussia. Jews in business, in agriculture and mining Slavs or coolies or Chinese, are beating the German and the Englishman. To Mr. Wells, who can allow no vital difference between one race and another, this may seem to signify little; but to the public feeling (which is also a form of philosophy) it means that civilization is in danger. The stored-up excellence of our Aryan world—in simple phrase, of Christendom—will hardly be in safe keeping when Semites and the "hethen Chinee" have become its masters. Already signs of change, ominous enough, may be discerned. How far will it go? To the conquest or absorption of those leading clans which regenerated the Roman Empire, fought the Crusades, colonized America, and have set up everywhere trophies of a genius without parallel? To the author of "Va-

runa" that is the world-problem. He believes that the British Empire must fall. Must the Teuton likewise succumb to the Slav? And the Western to the Asiatic? If so deadly a blow is struck at civilization, he declares that it will be dealt by the Industrial system.

"*Contraria contrariis curantur*"; Hentschel's treatment would be allopathic. So far he reminds us of Ruskin, holding as he does by an aristocracy founded on birth, detesting the town-life, and being prepared to abolish returns on private capital. He puts aside Henry George's Single Tax, which would assimilate land to any other market-ware. He is, of course, no Republican in the sense of equal votes and representative government. What he advocates might be described as the village and feudal system in a modern form. It is the "German social idea." Borrowing the Homestead law from America, he would take the land out of Capitalist hazards, including mines, railways, and all permanent utilities. The market would be solely a means of exchanging manufactured or perishable goods. The Roman law of property against which German patriots long held out, must be repealed, the Code Napoléon got rid of, mortgages annulled, and probably the Jews sent into exile. Not "least needs," but the improvement of humanity should guide the legislator. As the city is the nation's cemetery, let inferior types be condemned to it, there to propagate for a while and expire. Vagrants should be denied the freedom which they abuse, compelled to earn their living, and regarded as criminals. But the only sure way of protecting Aryan culture is to check the declining birthrate of Aryans. The stable village and inherited home would do much; voluntary associations planted on the forsaken "Rittergut," or country estates, along Elbe and Weser, liv-

ing in a strong communal bond, would do more. The author does not believe in Christian ethics; he is willing to encourage polygamy, as practised by the Teuton chiefs, when his Midgard, or City of the Gods, has been walled in from mongrel breeds. At this point "Varuna" turns to a Utopian romance, with features recalling Onelda Creek and even Plato's marriage laws. Permanent ties are dissolved; artificial selection governed by a Senate is to bring forth the true Golden Horde, with its discipline taken from Sparta, its duels and championships of injured ladies, its "sacred spring," or wandering to foreign parts of the youth trained in hardihood. Industry yields to chivalry; a greater "Ritterthum" begins, and the Roman-Syrian yoke is cast away for ever.

Can we draw any conclusion from this tournament of thinkers, each fighting for his own hand in presence of an interested but not yet convinced public? All three have been moved by the same feeling; they hold civilization to be in danger, and it is not too much to assert that they fix on the same enemy—the "wholesale" leveller who calls himself a democrat. Dr. Petrie rises up against his laws and benevolences at other men's expense, especially those who can least bear the burden. Mr. Wells, flinging aside the egalitarian schemes of Marx, tempers his Socialism with private property on every scale; defines it as a "repudiation of the severities of private ownership," and regrets the anti-Christian violence which prevails among foreign, as it is fast invading British, upholders of the creed on which he has practised so pungent a criticism. Herr Hentschel opposes to such democracy as now reigns the idea of race, bluntly declaring the Teuton, with his kinsfolk, to be perpetual overlord of all other species. We might reckon Mr. Wells a cosmopolitan, were it not that his actual teaching re-

futes the account of this word hitherto accepted. For in his eyes what, after all, is Socialism? "The collective mind of humanity," he tells us, "the soul and moral being of mankind." But does not that mind sift out the nobler from the base, setting these to be ruled, and those to rule them? Sift by a process far more effective than ballot and caucus mongering? Sift until the better seed are chosen, the worse doomed to disappear? And is there, in fact, any civilization worth cultivating except our own? The "moral being of mankind" is to decide who shall live and who be eliminated. Will the soul of humanity speak ambiguous oracles? The choosers of the slain are ideals. Simply, then let us ask whether any have been sighted superior to the Christian; and if so, what are they?

Freedom, all three again would certainly limit; the millionaire, the loafer, the parasite, are not to be free. But,

while Dr. Petrie gets quit of these excrescences by voluntary effort rather than by State intervention, Mr. Wells advocates government control; and "Varuna" would build up a Sparta within the walls of Midgard. Plutocracy or Socialism appears to be the alternative in "New Worlds for Old," which the next generation will have to face. Why not the Christian State, which would lay on property duties commensurate with opulence, and on anarchic freedom the yoke of the Gospel? We need no longer, it seems, concern ourselves with Marx or Bebel. Their conception of humanity has been rejected by the "collective mind." For that relief much thanks. Overlordship of wealth and industry, or a Higher Feudalism, tempered by humane ideas—say, boldly, the Kingship of Christ—is not a new thought, but assuredly, were it accepted and acted upon, it would bring in a new world.

*William Barry*

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## THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG BIRDS.

A certain school of naturalists, in which Americans figure largely, lays great stress on the way in which parent birds and beasts educate their offspring. According to this school a young bird is, like a human babe, born with its mind a blank, and has to be taught by its parents everything that it is necessary for a bird to know. Just as children study at various educational establishments, so do young animals attend what Mr. W. J. Long calls "The School of the Woods."

"After many years of watching animals in their native haunts," he writes, "I am convinced that instinct conveys a much smaller part than we have supposed; that an animal's success or failure in the ceaseless struggle for life depends not upon instinct, but upon

the kind of training which the animal receives from its mother." In short, but for its parents, a young bird would never learn to find its food, to fly, or sing, or build a nest.

This theory appears to have met with wide acceptance, chiefly because it brings animals into line with human beings. It is but natural for us humans to put anthropomorphic interpretations on the actions of animals. Careless observation seems to justify us in so doing. While not denying that birds do spend much time and labor in teaching their young, I am of opinion that the lessons taught by them are comparatively unimportant, that their teachings are merely supplementary to the instinct, the inherited education, which is latent in young

birds at birth, and displays itself as they increase in size, just as intelligence develops in growing human beings.

By the mere observation of birds and beasts in their natural state it is not easy to ascertain how far the progress made by young ones is the growth of their inborn instincts, and how far it is the result of parental instruction.

It is the failure to appreciate the magnitude of this difficulty that vitiates the teachings of Mr. Long and the school to which he belongs. We can gauge the value of the pedagogic efforts of parent animals only by actual experiment, by removing young birds from parental influence and noticing how far that which we may term their education progresses in the absence of the mother and father.

The first and foremost of the things which a young bird must know is how to find its food. This is an accomplishment which it speedily acquires without any teaching. Young ducklings hatched under a barn-door hen take to the water of their own accord, and soon discover how to use their sieve-like bills.

I read some time ago a most interesting account of two young American ospreys, which Mr. E. H. Baynes took from the nest at an early age. Having secured them, he placed them in an artificial nest which he had made for them. The parents did not succeed in finding them out, the young birds had therefore to face the struggle for existence without a mentor. "For several days," writes Mr. Baynes, "they spent most of their time lying still, with necks extended and heads prone on the floor of the nest." At this stage they were, of course, unable to fly. It was not until they were five or six weeks old that the young ospreys entrusted themselves to their wings, and at the first attempt they,

or rather one of them, performed an unbroken flight of several miles! After they had learned to use their wings, the ospreys were allowed full liberty, nevertheless they continued to remain in the neighborhood of Mr. Baynes's house, and became quite domesticated. When taken away they returned like homing pigeons. Even as they had made the discovery that they could fly, so did they, one day, find out that they could catch fish. Mr. Baynes thus describes the earliest attempt of one of the young birds: "His tactics were similar to those employed by old and experienced ospreys, but the execution was clumsy. After sailing over the pond for a few minutes, he evidently caught sight of a fish, for he paused, flapped his wings to steady himself, and then dropped into the water. But it was the attempt of a tyro, and of course the fish escaped. The hawk disappeared, and when he came to the surface he struggled vainly to rise from the water. Then he seemed to give it up." At this Mr. Baynes was about to jump into the water in order to rescue him; however, "the next moment he made a mighty effort, arose dripping wet, and flew to his old roost on the chimney, where he flapped his wings and spread them out to dry in the sun." Far from being deterred by this experience, he repeated the operation, and ere long became an expert fisher.

According to the school to which Mr. Long belongs young birds learn their song from their parents, just as young children learn how to talk. In the words of Barrington, "Notes in birds are no more innate than language is in man, but depends entirely upon the master under which they are bred, as far as their organs will enable them to imitate the sounds which they have frequent opportunities of hearing."

Similarly Michelet writes: "Nothing is more complex than the education of

certain singing birds. The perseverance of the father, the docility of the young, are worthy of all admiration." There can be no doubt that young birds are very imitative. The young of the koel—an Indian parasitic cuckoo—make ludicrous attempts to caw in imitation of the notes of their corvine foster-parents; but later, when the spring comes, they pour forth the very different notes of their species. In the same way the young of the common cuckoo, no matter by what species they are reared, all cry "cuckoo" when they come of age. Ducklings, pheasants and patridges, hatched under the domestic hen, and fowls reared by turkeys, have the calls peculiar to their species. It may, of course, be urged that these learn their cries from others of their own kind. Here again, then, actual experiment is necessary to determine which view is correct. Such experiments were performed by Mr. John Blackwall as long ago as 1823. He writes—

"I placed the eggs of a redbreast in the nest of a chaffinch, and removed the eggs of the chaffinch to that of the redbreast, conceiving that if I was fortunate in rearing the young, I should by this exchange ensure an unexceptional experiment, the result of which must be deemed perfectly conclusive by all parties. In process of time these eggs were hatched, and I had the satisfaction to find that the young birds had their appropriate chirps.

"When ten days old they were taken from their nests, and were brought up by hand, immediately under my own inspection, especial care being taken to remove them to a distance from whatever was likely to influence their notes. At this period an unfortunate circumstance, which it is needless to relate, destroyed all these birds except two (a fine cock redbreast and a hen chaffinch), which, at the expiration of twenty-one days from the time they

were hatched, commenced the calls peculiar to their species. This was an important point gained, as it evidently proved that the calls of birds, at least, are instinctive, and that, at this early age, ten days are not sufficient to enable nestlings to acquire even the calls of those under which they are bred. . . Shortly after, the redbreast began to record (i.e. to attempt to sing), but in so low a tone that it was scarcely possible to trace the rudiments of its future song in those early attempts. As it gained strength and confidence, however, its native notes became very apparent, and they continued to improve in tone till the termination of July, when it commenced moulting. . . By the beginning of October . . . it began to execute its song in a manner calculated to remove every doubt as to its being that of the redbreast, had any such previously existed."

Mr. Long lays great stress on the manner in which parents inculcate into their young fear of enemies. Fear, he asserts, is not instinctive; young creatures if found before they have been taught to fear are not alarmed at the sight of man. I admit that very young creatures are not afraid of foes, and that later they do display fear, but I assert that this change is not the result of teaching, that it is the mere development of an inborn instinct which does not show itself until the young are some days old, because there is no necessity for it in the earliest stages of the existence of a young bird.

Some months ago one of my *chaprassias* brought me a couple of baby red-vented bulbuls which had fallen out of a nest. They were unable to feed themselves, and were probably less than a week old. One met with an early death, and the survivor was kept in a cage. One day while I was writing in my study this young bulbul began scolding in a way that all bulbuls

do when alarmed. On looking round I discovered that a *chaprassi* had silently entered the room with a shikra on his wrist. The shikra is a kind of sparrow-hawk, common in India. That particular individual was being trained to fly at quail. It had never before been brought to my bungalow, nor is it likely that the captive bulbul, whose cage was placed in a small enclosed verandah, had ever set eyes upon a shikra.

It had left the nest before it was of an age at which it could learn anything from its parents. Its display of fear and its alarm-call were purely instinctive. Its inherited memory must have caused it to behave as it did. Speaking figuratively, its ancestors learned by experience that the shikra is a dangerous bird—a bird to be feared, and this experience has been inherited. To express the matter in more exact language, this inherited fear of the shikra is the product of natural selection. For generations those bulbuls who did not fear and avoid the shikra fell victims to it, while the more cautious ones survived, and their descendants inherited this characteristic.

Of all the arts practised by birds none is so wonderful as that of nest-building. If it can be demonstrated (as I believe it can) that this art is innate in a bird, then there is no difficulty in believing that all the other arts practised by the feathered folk are innate.

Michelet boldly asserts that a bird has to learn how to build a nest precisely as a school-boy has to learn arithmetic or algebra. By way of proof he quotes the case of his canary—Jonquille. "It must be stated at the outset," he writes "that Jonquille was born in a cage, and had not seen how nests were made. As soon as I saw her disturbed and became aware of her approaching maternity. I frequently opened her door and allowed her free-

dom to collect in the room the materials of the bed the little one would stand in need of. She gathered them up, indeed, but without knowing how to employ them. She put them together and stored them in a corner of the cage. . . . I gave her the nest ready made—at least the little basket that forms the framework of the walls of the structure. Then she made the mattress and felted the interior coating, but in a very indifferent manner."

Michelet construes these facts as proof that the art of nest-building is not innate in birds, but has to be learned. As a matter of fact they prove exactly the opposite. The Frenchman's reasoning is typical of that of those persons who make their facts fit in with their theories. Michelet is blinded by his preconceived notions. He is unable to see things which should be apparent to all. If the art of nest-building is not innate, why did the canary fly about the room collecting the necessary materials and heap them in the corner of the cage? That she did not go so far as to build a nest is easily explained by the fact that she was not given a suitable site for it, that the necessary foundation of branches was not provided for her. As well might one say that a bricklayer did not know his trade because he failed to build a wall on the surface of the sea. When given the framework, Michelet's untaught canary lost no time in lining it. The alleged act that the lining was not well done may be explained in many ways. Michelet may have imagined this, or the materials provided may not have been altogether suitable; moreover, Jonquille must have worked in haste, as the framework was presumably not given until the bird had collected all the material. Again, the nest was the first that that particular canary had built. Birds, like human beings, learn to profit by experience. Nest-building is an instinctive



art, but intelligence may step in and aid blind instinct.

In this connection it is necessary to bear in mind that the nest is completed long before the young birds come out of the egg; that they leave, or are driven away from, the parents before the next nest-building season. If young birds are taught nest-building, who teaches them?

Proof of the instinctiveness of nest-building might be multiplied indefinitely. There are on record scores of instances of birds selecting impossible sites for their nests; these are cases of instinct that has gone astray. Again, the persistent way in which martins will rebuild, or attempt to rebuild, nests that are destroyed shows to what an extent nest-construction is a matter of instinct. One more concrete piece of evidence must suffice. My friend, Captain Perreau, has, among other birds in his aviary at Buklon, in the Himalayas, some gray-headed love-birds. This species has the peculiar habit of lining the nest with strips of bark, which the hen carries up to the nest amongst the feathers of the back. Captain Perreau started with two cock

*The Albany Review.*

love-birds and one hen, and this last had the peculiarity of not carrying up the lining to her nest in the orthodox way, nevertheless her daughter, when she took unto herself a husband, used to carry up bark and grass to her nest in the orthodox manner. "Why did this hen do this?" Captain Perreau asks. "Her mother could not have taught her. I have no other true love-birds; and my blue-crowned hanging parrakeets, or rather the hens, certainly do carry up to the nesting-hole bark, etc., but they carry it, not in the back, but tucked in between the feathers of the neck and breast." This neat method of conveying material to the nest is, therefore, certainly an instinctive act, as is almost every other operation connected with nest-building.

To sum up. The parental teaching forms a far less important factor in the education of birds than many naturalists have been led by careless observation to believe. Birds may be said to be born educated in the sense that poets are born, not made. In each case education puts on the finishing touches to the handiwork of nature.

*Douglas Dewar.*

## THE DEARTH OF GENIUS.

Detractors of the age, as a recent article happens to remind us, think it a telling argument to refer us "back to the 'seventies," asking what men we have to set against the giants of those days. In poetry they ask us, "Where is your Tennyson and Browning, your coming Swinburne, your Matthew Arnold?" "What theologians to-day can rank with Newman, Stanley, Lightfoot, Martineau, or Manning? What historians with Freeman, Froude, and J. R. Green? What essayists with Carlyle and Ruskin? Among general thinkers or philosophers, whom will

you match against Mill, Spencer, or T. H. Green? In this boasted age of science, who stands out as did Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, thirty years ago? Even in the novel, whom will you pit against the George Eliot, Dickens, Meredith of the last generation?" And so they brandish in the world of politics the names of Gladstone and Disraeli, in art those of Rossetti and Burne-Jones, and repeat in ever-growing confidence their challenge.

Now, this disparaging comparison is variously received. It is said that modern genius has not failed, but

that certain conditions of modern work and life have narrowed the scope and retarded the growth of great personal reputations. Natural talents are nowadays more rigorously specialized. Our historians are not allowed to roam freely over wide fields of loose literary cultivation like Froude; our Darwin, if we had one, would be chained down to some particular investigation of physical heredity; a philosopher and sociologist who, like Mill or Spencer, took all knowledge for his province, would never emerge from the shades of scholism. We have the men of genius, but they are working in narrower channels at deeper levels, and their light does not shine forth as it would formerly have done.

But this contention, specious as it is, and in some measure valid, hardly convinces. A great man, we are disposed to insist, will never consent to be enslaved by this narrow mechanical division of labor; the freedom of his genius will insistently assert itself, and he will yoke himself to some worthy task. "But how," it may be said, "if great intellectual and creative tasks are not to hand?" And here we are launched upon another line of explanation of our "barren age." Progress in the arts and sciences, as in every realm, works by some periodic law: an age of great discoveries in science, a rich flowing age of art and literature, is followed by a period of comparative stagnation, or one in which small increments of gain are gathered in. This is a very widely-accepted explanation, but has no general validity. It is certainly not true that in the physical sciences and their application to the arts of life the last two decades have marked a decline of large and brilliant productivity. Quite the contrary. So far as scientific achievement is concerned, there is much to support the view that our great workers do not stand out pre-eminent in

personality, because they are so numerous, not because they are not great. This answer, we submit, applicable as it may be, not merely to science, but to the labors of history, scholarship, and even philosophy, does not explain the cause of the paucity of great reputations in literature and in the arts of popular appeal.

It is here that we come to a really profitable kernel of our topic. The great men of the 'seventies carried a certain real distinction of personality, an inspiration of expression, which no body of men of similar influence and authority carry now. Poets, artists, essayists, scientists, were in large measure the conscious prophets or interpreters of new, large, transforming ideas, the quick fruitage of recent discovery and audacious speculation in fifty new fields. It was a time of Pisgah views, of swift, unfolding visions and transformations, which furnished strong nourishment and splendid inspiration to men of quick imagining and popular sympathies. The early intellectual and emotional operation of the new scientific and critical ideas was liberative and thaumaturgic: the extension of the reign of law into human history, the doctrines of the conservation of energy and correlation of physical forces, the great conception of scientific evolution, still lay in a vague plaster shape, rich material for the poetic eloquence of an "In Memoriam" or a "Belfast Address."

Such oracles are now dumb, and it is their trumpet notes we miss, not only among the poets of our time, but among the statesmen, scientists, and reformers. The great liberative and stimulative thoughts of a generation ago seem to have become conservative and restrictive, almost paralyzing, influences of to-day. This is partly what is meant by saying that we live in a too critical age. It is not merely the evident breakdown of old ortho-

doxies in religion, politics, and general thought, but the rapid subsidence of the early effervescence of the new formative ideas. Science seems to have over-mechanized our thinking and our outlook upon life, as it has our industries; the glow and inspiration have died out of the new thought, and have left a dull heritage of semi-fatalistic formulæ, breeding excessive caution, and imposing the intellectual duty of going slow. We are to-day cultivating, as the best fruit of modern culture, a type of broad-minded, shallow-feeling man and woman, who move with self-conscious slowness among the intricacies of life, shunning fanaticism and refusing to take risks. Many familiar features of our modern civilization co-operate with this tendency, the growth of material comfort and security in an age of peace, strong governments, and economic advance. There is also the congestion of ideas and of information, pouring out upon the mind in ways that well-nigh inhibit selection and preclude settled convictions upon issues of critical importance to the inner life. Such conditions are injurious to the emergence and free life of natural genius. Men bred in these intellectual preserves will not venture as boldly as their fathers into the wilds of life;

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they will be less eager and less able to "grasp the skirts of happy chance and breast the blows of circumstance" in following their star. It is the general recognition of these facts that leads not a few modern counsellors to urge, justly, if somewhat vaguely, that what is wanted is "a new religion." For most patent among our discouragements of effort is the gradual fading of practical faith, not merely in the personal Providence of current theologies, but in the creative powers of man and the sustaining order of the universe. Take the present case of politics as a signal example. Is it not evidently true that we can there do no great work because of our unbelief, and that the marking-time in most of our great humanitarian movements is primarily due to a want of confidence in man's mission in the universe? Not a few of our Churches are alive to the torpor of our times, but their magical rites seem ineffectual for exorcising it. It may be, perhaps, to a further, fuller, wiser science that we must first look for the new impulse which shall break the spell, revivify the dulled emotions, and kindle once more the live imaginations to great and spiritually fruitful endeavors.

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### THE USE OF TAILS.

People who think it scientific to use two long words where one short one will suffice, often call the tail of an animal its "caudal appendage"—the word "appendage" suggesting that the tail is something extra and superfluous, and not an essential part of the creature. Of the tail of the rabbit this might be true; because, if you examine it, you will find that it has little substance or muscle, and is limply folded back upon itself in such a way that you cannot

help recognizing it as an organ suffering from atrophy through centuries of disuse. There can be little doubt that the rabbit's tail has become atrophied because, when it adopted its present mode of life in the open, a long tail was of no particular use, but frequently gave the fox or other enemy something to catch hold of, as it made a bolt for its burrow. Similarly, if the hare now carried a long tail, it would very frequently be caught when,

without one, it escapes. In this respect, however, the rabbit and the hare are among the exceptions to the rule that the tail of an animal, instead of being a mere appendage, is a remarkably active and useful organ. In rats and mice, for instance, the characteristic tapering tail is evidently most important, being very long and very muscular.

What, then, is the overmastering use of the tail of a rat or a mouse, which causes this muscular organ to be retained in such high development, instead of being safely tucked up like an idle tuft of fur, as in the case of the rabbit? Both the rat and the rabbit live in holes; both are rodents; both are the special quarry of stoats, weasels, cats, foxes, etc. Why, then, does one need a long and muscular tail—for, if the rat did not need such a tail, we may be sure that it would not have it—and the other not? It is possible to narrow this interesting problem further by leaving the rabbits out of it and making it a mere family question between the rats and mice on one hand and their near relatives, the voles, on the other. These are constantly being mistaken for each other, inasmuch that we commonly call the water-vole "the water-rat" and the field-vole "the short-tailed field-mouse." Why should these voles have comparatively short and weak tails, while the tails of their near relatives the rats and mice are long and muscular? The explanation of this lies, of course, in the difference of their habits, which depends in turn upon distinction of diet. The voles are purely vegetarian, seldom needing to feed far from their homes, to which they return by stealth; whereas the rats and mice are omnivorous, ranging widely in search of food, and escaping, when danger threatens, by their speed and agility.

How this distinction of habit results in a difference of tail, the following in-

cident will explain. Walking along a country road after a drenching shower of rain, I caught a field-vole which was trying to cross the highway. It was very much easier to catch than a mouse would have been. Voles always are, because they are not capable of those sudden turns and leaps which often enable a mouse to escape when escape seems hopeless. As, however, I was lifting up my captive, it managed to slip out of my hand and fell, a distance of about three feet, upon the roadway. Now a mouse, upon reaching the ground, would have bounded off at great speed; but the vole lay for an instant on the ground, kicking and evidently half-stunned by the shock. I picked it up carefully and it soon recovered; but very soon it repeated the performance of jumping out of my hand and suffering for it in the same way. Here, then, we have a very plain clue to the meaning of the long and muscular tails of rats and mice. Not only do they enable their wearers to make sudden leaps and turns when an enemy pursues, but they also act as powerful springs which save the animals from injurious concussion after leaping from a height to the ground.

Most of us have, I think, been surprised at the easy recklessness with which a mouse or a rat will leap, say, from the top of a tall cupboard to a hard floor and scamper off without pausing for breath. A tailless rat or mouse, attempting such a feat, would be injured, because its small and slender feet would offer insufficient resistance to break the force of its body's impact upon the ground. Following this line of thought, one easily understands why arboreal creatures, like squirrels and dormice, have such pronounced tails. In their case, however, the flying leaps which they are occasionally compelled to take from lofty branches to the ground require something more than mere muscularity; and, in addition to

being strong, their tails are bushy. When the animal leaps from a height it spreads out all its limbs widely, so that the loose skin which connects these with the body is stretched tight and combines with the stiffened and outspread tail to act like a parachute. Thus the animal seems to sail, rather than to fall, to the ground.

Rats and mice, living mostly upon the ground, cannot afford to offer to their enemies such an easy object to grasp as a bushy tail. Instead, the tapering whiplike organ is perfectly adapted to slip between the enemy's claws or teeth before these have time to close upon it. You can realize this by drawing the tail of a rat or mouse between your fingers and noting how smoothly it passes. Reverse the process by trying to drag the tail tip-first between your four fingers, and you discover at once another very important use for these long and muscular tails. Instead of being smooth and slippery, they are then rough from tip to base with minute skin-folds which resemble and serve the same double purpose as the scales on the belly of a snake. In the first place they create a power of swift progression when the tail is strongly thrust against the ground as the animal makes each leap; and to see how important this is you have only to contrast the swift flying leaps with which a startled rat or mouse gets over the ground with the comparatively slow and steadily scuttling along the ground of water-vole or field-vole.

In the kangaroo we see this use of the tail carried to an almost absurd extreme—when it becomes, as it were, the most powerful of three hind legs for leaping purposes. The second quality in which the roughened skin on the tail of rat or mouse resembles the scaly under-surface of the snake is its marvellous utility in enabling the creatures

to climb. In tropical countries the snakes very commonly inhabit holes in the sunken walls of wells, ascending and descending by the grooves between the worn bricks. Similarly in this country one is often surprised to find to what a height rats or mice will ascend an upright wall; and if you watch one climbing you will see that the tail is of the greatest assistance to it. Almost more striking, however, is the utility of a long tail as a balancing-pole for climbing animals. You see this best, perhaps, in the case of those tame white mice which have been trained to perform in public upon a stretched string. Each step is accompanied by a twist of the tail to one side or the other to maintain the creature's balance; and to avert an imminent fall it is whisked round with violence.

Now a moment's consideration will show that the tail, when used in the way last described, is something more than a balancing-pole. The latter corrects an imperfect equilibrium by adding weight to the lighter side, but you will often see an animal, by the violent exertions of its tail, recover a position from which it was actually falling. Such, in fact, is the muscular strength and leverage of the tail that it can even twist the body round so that the feet are again brought within reach of the support from which they have slipped. And this use of the tail explains what has always been regarded as a very remarkable phenomenon in connection with cats—the fact, namely, that they “always fall upon their feet.” How remarkably true this is, you can satisfy yourself by a harmless experiment with a kitten. Take the little creature's fore-paws together in one hand and its hind paws in the other. Then hold it, back downwards, within a foot of the floor. Open both hands simultaneously and let it drop. It will fall upon its feet and not its back.

Now it seems amazing that, in the infinitesimal time which the kitten's body occupies in falling less than a foot, it should be able to turn completely round and alight feet downwards when all four feet have been help upwards until the fall has actually commenced. It is the tail which works

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the seeming miracle. On the instant that the kitten feels itself falling the tail whisks the body round and it falls on its feet. Reviewing all these useful qualities of the tail of an animal, should it not be called a "limb" rather than an "appendage"?

*E. Kay Robinson.*

### ON PANJANDRUMS.

I rise from the perusal of three thick charmingly bound volumes, containing a translation of Manucci's "Storia do Mogor," or "History of the Moguls," which has been translated admirably by Mr. Irvine, and published by the Government of India through Mr. Murray, who by the way is to be congratulated on his pleasant task.

And rising, I look round my world, aghast at its staleness, its flatness, its unprofitableness. For it is not only the whole live India contained between these charming covers that I miss, it is not the glare of real Indian-yellow sunshine, the harshly sensuous real Indian-yellow atmosphere which I lack, it is the absence of a real Panjandrum! Look where I will over the Western hemisphere I find neither in the immediate present nor in the immediate past a single figure worthy of that honorific title. Even the White Tsar of All the Russias has now a whole Duma, instead of a little round button on the top, and the German Emperor's excellent efforts to fulfil the part are somewhat pantomimic.

Indeed, extinct has become the genus "Panjandrum" so that half Europe smiles and asks what it means. Shall I refer the twentieth century to the "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable"?—that bulky book which is at once the cradle and the grave of imagination, since it sets down fact and fancy alike with indiscriminating stolidity.

In this case, however, it is more than passively commonplace; it is actively exasperating, for it asserts that "Panjandrum" is "a village boss who imagines himself the Magnus Apollo of his neighbors."

A boss! Great powers above, Dr. Brewer! How came you to associate an Americanism with so majestic, so mysterious a word as Panjandrum? And how far does the sacrilege carry us towards the inner meaning of that remarkable, absolutely un-English term?

#### PANJ-AN-DRUM!

Now, derivations are deceitful, but surely the Indian word "panj-in-drin," or the testimony of the five senses, which in that country is held to be the bed-rock of sound evidence, brings us some light. The cognate panj-ayet, or Council of Five Elders, gives a glimmer also, and leads us on to see in the Great Panjandrum the collective wisdom of the world. In other words, the despotism of truth, as recognized . . .

By whom? That is the question. By the multitude? That is to say, was the Great Panjandrum a mere Socialist and ought we to grant the title to—let us say—Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Mr. H. G. Wells, or the host of good men and true who observe the tactics of Fabius?

Hardly. For the Socialism of the East is not the Socialism of the West. Western Socialism is based on the



rights of the individual, eastern on the rights of race.

That is, I deem it, why it is so refreshing to think, even, of a "Panjandrum" in these latter days, when the right of a council-school girl to learn French is held of equal importance to the right of the Anglo-Saxon to lead the way in the world. It is delightful to picture to ourselves how the greatest Panjandrum who ever lived, Akbar the Magnificent, would have settled off-hand some of the vexed problems of to-day. Take the education question to begin with. The difficulties of the twentieth century appear to have existed even in the sixteenth. Hindu schools were pitted against Mohammedan schools, and in both an intolerable amount of time was wasted over essentials. Akbar saw this at a glance, and, hey presto! the fiat went forth which altered the curriculum and reduced the hours of tuition by one-half! We do not manage things so speedily nowadays.

Then there is the Licensing Bill. In this case Aurungzib was the Panjandrum. Being determined to root out the vice of drunkenness from Delhi, his first measure was "to order all Christians to leave the town and live beyond the suburbs at a league's distance from the city, where they had leave to prepare and drink spirits on condition they did not sell them." (This is not, by the way, very creditable to the Christians!)

His next was to cut off one hand and foot from every Hindu and Mohammedan tavern-keeper who continued to sell liquor. It was a more stringent measure than our fourteen-years limit, and I am bound to say, with regret, that it was not successful—though once again the Christians do not come out blameless—for this is the unbiassed opinion of Signor Manucci: "But such was the Christians' insolence and absence of shame that they did not de-

slist" (from selling spirits). "They were of many nations, mostly thieves and criminals; and, without slandering anyone, I can say with truth that the Christians . . . were worse than the Mohammedans and Hindus, were devoid of the fear of God, had ten or twelve wives, were constantly drunk, had no occupation but gambling, and were eager to cheat whomsoever they could." This is not a pleasing picture, and we are forced to find it likely that the drawer of it is correct in saying further: "For these reasons the Ferrihês have not in the Mogul country the estimation they formerly had."

Take again the subject of Fiscal Reform. How we waste words over it! How we snigger over caricatures, and talk twaddle year after year. How the tide sets one way, then another, leaving England perplexed, not knowing which way to steer her Hearts of Oak.

Aurungzib, that most panjandrumic of potentates, settled his fiscal difficulties in a much more speedy fashion, and in carrying it out did a thing which our good friend Niccolao Manucci says "forms a lesson to princes as to the mode of making themselves obeyed." He ordained that the rupee (which was at that time only worth 7*d.*) should pass as being worth 14*d.*; and when, despite the King's gracious explanation that reasons of State demanded the alteration, the bankers were contumacious, he sent for the lot of them to the Royal Bastion. What followed is best told in Manucci's own words.

"He told them quite quietly that resistance must end; that the rupee must pass for twice its former value. The bankers were firm in their contention . . . they could not comply, as the loss caused would be beyond calculation. Aurungzib then quite quietly without any movement of his body issued an order to throw the oldest of the bankers from the bastion. This be-

ing done, the rest, terrorized, said they would obey. So never another word was heard upon the subject, but to this time the rupee is worth double and so the people have obtained relief."

Without even a movement of his body! Could authority go further?

Small need in those days for a Chancellor of the Exchequer; even the astuteness of Mr. Lloyd George could not amend such a magnificent budget as Aurungzib must have gathered in that year; while all the Poor Law Commissions in the world, all the penny-wise old-age pensions that could be proposed, could not go further in aid of poverty than halving the debts and doubling the income of a whole nation!

Now all this is the speech of a fool; such things are ludicrous, absurd, impossible. And yet has not humanity lost something really valuable by the passing of the Panjandrum? Has not authority almost ceased to exist? It lives no longer in family life. Pater and Mater are chums; they are too wise to claim what their sons and daughters do not choose to give them. And so it is everywhere; the individual right is held supreme. There is no dis-

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cipline, no obedience for obedience's sake. It is not in the least expedient that one man should die for the people. Everyone has to be saved and so the collective wisdom of the world becomes such a parliament as that which now controls the destinies of the Anglo-Saxon race. Can one say more?

Pour moi, I prefer the Panjandrum. He is at least picturesque. So, as I close the charming covers of Niccolao Manucci's charming "*Storia do Mogor*," I am left with a vision of Akbar, the greatest Panjandrum of them all. Tall, sinewy, strong, his face "of a godlike dignity," he dispenses justice at first hand to his people. Through the marble arches of his audience hall, the real Indian-yellow sunlight shows on the scarlet-crimson of the pomegranate blossoms that in due season will grow to many-seeded fruit. It flashes, too, on the gems and silken stuffs of the court; but the King is in pure white. He sits on the step below the empty throne; for the majesty of the real Panjandrum comes from the absolute authority behind him. He is but the visible link in the invisible chain which "binds all things about the feet of good."

*Flora Annie Steele.*

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## THE UNREST IN INDIA.

Fifty years ago that ferrible telegram of May the 12th from Meerut to Lahore ushered in the Sepoy Rebellion. No wonder a magistrate afterwards caused "1857" to be painted on a wall where his eyes fell every hour of his working day! A silent warning "lest we forget." The cause of that upheaval was not greased cartridges, or the annexation of Oudh and the Punjab; rather a general unrest expressed itself in those grievances. India was then in her "teens." Another mutiny of that kind no one who knows India, even superficially, believes can occur. "The

conditions which gave rise to it do not now exist."

That an unrest is now felt no one will deny. That it has been exaggerated, especially in cables to London papers, is generally admitted. But no greater mistake could be made than to conclude that unrest *prevails* in India. The vast mass of our population—men and women—tend the soil from dawn to dark all round the year. Crops are mortgaged before the seed is sown. The little life-blood they have goes to the money-lenders. Political problems do not trouble them in the smallest de-

gree. Toil, hunger, poverty and debt are their burdens from childhood to cremation. Only 15½ millions out of 294¼ millions in India can read and write. A village school-boy may be requisitioned very occasionally to read a seditious newspaper in the camp-fire glow; a lecturer on sedition may once in a life-time stay a night in a village. But how imperceptibly these influence the tired and teeming millions of the soil! Unrest exists, but it does not prevail.

My theory as to the *cause* of the unrest is based on personal visits to many hundreds of educational institutions all over the Empire—Government, missionary and private. More than 90 per cent. of the male students in these institutions (primary schools excluded), have their eye on Government billets. It is positively pathetic to see the mania with which they burn the midnight oil to pass examinations with that end in view. The Government is unable, of course, to employ all the scholars which its schools and colleges put into the market. This army of unemployed then have to turn reluctantly to other professions and crafts. These, usually, are the men who, in my judgment, stir up the mud. They lead the unlettered village people astray; as travelling lecturers, they harangue school-boys into frenzied disobedience, and speak in a score of languages by means of perhaps 400 newspapers and over 400 periodicals. These are the extremists who use the privilege of free speech for seditious purposes.

Lord Curzon has described the unrest as "skin-deep." That, broadly speaking, is correct. But the skin is an important part of India's anatomy, for it embraces the whole system. The unrest in its unobjectionable manifestations is chiefly among the educated community. It may be but skin-deep, but the people giving expression to it are the most important factors in the

make-up of the nation. These sane and strong reformers are fearfully aware that India would be an arena of unspeakable carnage if the Union Jack were hauled down. They know the inestimable boons conferred by the British rule; they know the essential difference between the despotic rule of Akbar and the beneficent rule of King Edward VII; they know that the Christian missionaries have propagated a faith which breaks the chains of caste, which denies no educational opportunity to women, and which makes of the depressed "untouchables" a transformed community. All this they know in their heart of hearts.

Why then this unrest among the best of the best of our Indian people? Here is my reply. At the time of the Indian Mutiny India was in her "teens." She is now in the period of adolescence. She is realizing herself. She is now in the state of transition from girlhood to womanhood. She is looking out on life's morning, and meaning, and mission, with a newly-awakened seriousness. She is taking to heart the great lesson of the Christian West as to the intrinsic preciousness of each individual of the race alike in the eye of God and the eye of the State. She will, therefore, follow the gleam to yet fuller life and light.

I now come to the hardest part of my task, *viz: What should be the method of treatment?*

British officers, civil and military, have much need to cultivate their religious instincts. India is the abode of a deeply religious people. When they see their rulers live as men without a religion, it mystifies them. Many justify their conduct by the phrase in Queen Victoria's Proclamation that religious "neutrality" must be observed by the rulers. But Queen Victoria never meant religious "neutrality" to be construed into religious "indifference." Sir Andrew Fraser,

the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, in his intense religious life is a conspicuous example, and there are many others also who make the exception hold true. Nevertheless, the moral and spiritual degeneracy of our British superiors is a by-word in this Empire.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on his return from India, hit the nail on the head when he urged the cultivation of *sympathy*. I take sympathy to mean "the quality of being affected by the affection of another." The first step towards the acquisition of that quality is *accessibility*. The Durbar method, so spectacular and Oriental, is going out of fashion, and the "*darwaza band*" or "closed door" is coming into fashion. How can an officer, who spends his late A.M. and early P.M. in *glancing* through and *signing* red-taped documents, and the rest of his time in chasing a polo ball or shutting himself up in his club or home, get into sympathetic touch with the people? One of the problems for an educated Indian gentleman is English etiquette. Indians want to meet their rulers socially and officially, but their efforts are so coldly reciprocated, from the Oriental standpoint, that they give it up hopelessly. When the local officers give "at homes" and invitations are sent out, it is the color of the skin, the size of the salary, the nature of the profession, the kind of trade (retail or wholesale), or membership in a club that counts. This wicked class-caste prejudice, savoring more of aristocracy than of sympathy, has a firm hold on the administration from the top to the bottom, and, next to religious indifference, is doing more than any one thing to deepen and widen the gulf which the British have fixed between themselves and the people they rule. The King Emperor has done a great thing in his recent message of sympathy with India's plague troubles, and he has influence enough surely to bring the

*personal equation* back again into Indian administration.

Along with religion and sympathy, I would urge the fostering of *patriotism*. The first step towards well-based patriotism is the dissemination of information.

(1) India has no flag of her own. Surely the country which contains one-fifth of the human race and three-fourths of the British Empire should have at least a special design woven into the Union Jack. In every school the children might be taught not only to distinguish it from others, but that it is theirs and their country's. The educational value of a flag and a cheer, practically unknown now in Indian schools, is very great.

(2) In every school, police station, railway station, dāk bungalow, hospital, and magistrate's court, where the Government has an influence, a board might be hung, on which might be printed, in English and the prevailing local vernacular, the Proclamation of Queen Victoria as the Empress of India. That Magna Charta of India's liberty, proclaimed on the Ridge at Delhi, January 1st, 1858, might be headed with a representation of the British-Indian Flag; and on the same board might be placed a synopsis of the measures for the public weal which the Government has enacted and proposes to enact. This would be a dignified way of counteracting sedition-mongers.

(3) Dr. R. A. Hume, of Ahmednagar, has recently urged us missionaries, to sympathize more with India in her political problems. With this I most heartily concur. Political problems familiar in the Occident are comparatively little known in the Orient. The Christian religion is, in the final analysis, the chief cause of the present unrest, for it teaches men their individual worth. It is natural, therefore, that missionaries should be the foremost in counsel. Nothing but good can come

from the present unrest if properly directed. Babu Surendra Nath Bannerjee, in a passage of golden eloquence, said years ago, "To the English people has been entrusted in the councils of Providence the high function of teaching the nations of the earth the great lesson of constitutional liberty, of securing the ends of stable government, largely tempered by popular freedom." As recently as the "7th of August Celebration" the same speaker published his manifesto to five thousand people assembled in College Square, Calcutta, thus: "Autonomous self-government under British Government is the goal of our aspirations." Babu Bannerjee is to my mind one of the safest of Indian agitators. Missionaries surely can give valuable counsel in so worthy a cause. Some will say that missionaries are here in India to preach the Christian religion only; that is so, but in a crisis like the present *one former is worth a thousand reformers.*

The Indian National Congress, started twenty-two years ago with the best of intentions and objects, has degenerated woefully. A body of reformers, properly constituted, might have helped the British Raj. But it has missed its opportunity, never framed a constitution, and now shouts its demands in one word. Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, President of the Congress, said in his last address that the Congress wanted "Self-government, or *Swaraj*, like that of the United Kingdom or the Colonies." Strangely enough, *Swaraj* means absolute rule of

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the old Aryan kind. Why this degeneracy? Is it not because the Indian reformers have been left largely to themselves and not had the sympathetic guidance of missionaries and public-spirited British officers?

I shall never forget being present in the Congress of 1905 in Benares. Five thousand were there. Every hue of skin; every variety of costume; every type of Aryan, Dravidian, and Mongolian race; and every language in Southern Asia were represented: and when the Eastern sun lit up the scene it was a brilliant sight. Orators could only make themselves understood to all through the English language; but I never heard such unreasonable public speech. That Congress has great possibilities. Let the Government seek to use it at least as one means of learning the aspirations of worthy Indian reformers.

India's sons and daughters are displaying keen brain power, much patience, commendable perseverance, and, all things counted, remarkable moral qualities. Surely they ought to have a larger share in the building of Empire. When more responsibility is laid upon them I believe they will prove themselves worthy of the trust. Britain has done a new thing on the earth in thus ruling a non-Christian land by the methods of the West. If the time ever comes when Britain will have trained India to rule herself wisely, she will have done the greatest thing in her great history.

(Rev.) Richard Burges.

Jubbulpore.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Three promising volumes of essays on ethical subjects, from well-known writers, are announced by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., for publication this month. They are: "Counsels by the Way," by Henry Van Dyke; "On the Open Road," by Ralph Waldo Trine; and "The Free Life," by Woodrow Wilson.

Mr. Albert F. Calvert is the author of seven books on Spain and four on Granada and the Alhambra, and his latest work, "Granada, Present and Bygone," written with the careless ease of intimate acquaintance, stands well apart from the ordinary labored treatise. Perhaps it would be bettered by occasional correction in the matter of logic, for the insufficient premise is somewhat too high in his favor, but eulogy, not argument, is his motive, and he has collected some real gems from the work of others, if he have not always polished his own thought to the last degree of perfection. The text is accompanied by twenty full-page colored plates by Mr. Trevor Haddon, and eight full-page half-tones and over two hundred excellent small drawings by various artists, whose work appears at its best for being printed on paper with a surface perfectly adapted to give it effect. His book cannot but be enjoyed; it may also be trusted. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Sir Charles Santley is so little known in this country, although he has twice visited it, that when, by a printer's blunder, his name was substituted for Sankey's, and Mr. Kipling was made to call him a tenor, the blunder passed uncorrected for many a year, and is possibly uncorrected to this day, in the "ditty" called "Army Headquarters." This being the case, it is excusable to

say that he has been singing or teaching others to sing for nearly sixty years: that he has an enviable reputation for generosity and chivalrous courtesy as a man, and for perfect conscientiousness in the practice of an art in which he holds the highest ideals. His book, "The Art of Singing and Vocal Declamation," although imperfect in literary form, is a rare little volume, to be received with reverence and read with attention. What need to say that it is interesting? He who knows a subject, even if it be fairly abstruse mathematics, can win and hold the attention of the ignorant to its exposition, and Sir Charles Santley knows the art of singing, and here he devotes himself to initiating the ignorant into its study and endeavors to show them the path by which they may arrive at true success, at the ability to present their ideal as nearly as finite creatures may. He explains a thousand details of which no teacher but a successful and long practised singer could give any notion, and he extends as many "warnings"; and lastly he adds a chapter "On Self," expounding the advice of old Polonius to his son and prescribing the reading of a certain chapter in "Evenings at Home." In his preface he promises those who fight valiantly to become true artists, and are faithful to the trust imposed by their genius, "the only reward worth fighting for, the satisfaction of having done their duty." The Macmillan Co.

When Mr. Edwin George Pinkham's future biographer begins his work, he will not seek the archives of the State House to learn the place of his author's birth, but content himself with saying that he was born and bred in Dickensland. It is asserted that he was reared



in Newburyport, and is now a resident of Kansas City, and this may be true of his physical being, but after reading his "Fate's a Fiddler," one knows that the honey-dew upon which he fed, the milk of Paradise which he drank were found in Dickens-land. It is not the real Charlestown, the real Swampscott, the real Western mining town, or the real St. Louis in which he visualizes his personages, but such phantasmal places as Dickens might have seen had he lived to essay the writing of a story of contemporary American life. Fifty, or even forty years ago, there were many generous, warm-hearted youngsters who with Nell "in English meadows had wandered and lost their way," blind to the conditions really besetting them, but it is long since any writer of their species has appeared on this side of the water, and this advent is surprisingly pleasant. Doubtless this is an ugly world, full of mean pettiness, sure, by stupidity or by intent, to blight all delicacy and sweet kindness, and doubtless the novelists do well to mirror it, but it is pleasant to forget it and to go back to Dickens-land in which a tender father may steadily play a game with life to keep his blind daughter smiling and happy; pleasant to find a whole town in a conspiracy to maintain an innocent deceit which soothes the sad heart of a widow, pleasant to find an author desirous of making such delusions seem possible. It is hardly to be expected that Mr. Pinkham will write another novel of this school, and possibly it is not to be desired, but whatsoever may be the future bent of his genius, it will be none the less healthy and robust because of having made its first journey in the track of Charles Dickens. Small & Maynard Co.

Sir Clements Robert Markham chooses to call his "King Edward VI." "an appreciation," but the distinction

between it and a brief biography hardly exists to the ordinary reader, and, thanks to illustrative lists and pedigrees, and the author's skill in combining vivacity and concentration, it illuminates its subject far more brilliantly than many a voluminous "Life." Sir Clements's opinion of the popular comfort and security under Plantagenet rule, and his thorough-going dislike for Richmond and his son, already made manifest in his "Richmond III." are even more plainly shown in this life of the last Tudor king. Repeatedly he insists that the true derivation of his claim to the throne was from the maternal side, reckoning the two Henrys as usurpers, and in speaking of Jane Grey's claim, he amiably accepts the last verdicts obtained in his marriages by Henry Eighth, and leaves the poor man unmarried until he wedded Jane Seymour, thus making Jane Grey his heir by right as undoubtedly as she was his heir by bequest. This, of course, leaves Henry with but two wives, Jane, and Princess Anne of Cleves, who survived him and invalidated the Howard and Parr marriages. Edward himself, well-read, dignified, shrewd, extraordinarily able for his age, is made very real, and the remarkable company of nobles who stood about his throne are depicted with a few strong, bold strokes. The portraits, sixteen in number, are of no small value, for the painters of that time surpassed many greater men in making their subjects live upon the canvas, and their work is very well reproduced. Nominally the book covers only Edward's life: actually, it gives an excellent bird's-eye view of a much longer period. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The time when the novel of indecency and the novel of immorality will no longer repay their authors is apparently near at hand, and Mr. Robert Herrick's "Together" will in the years

to come be recognized as a powerful force in hastening that time in the United States, for it describes so many species of conjugal immorality that it perceptibly diminishes the small number not preempted by earlier writers. Further, as its indecency is of a species abandoned by writers of English, a Celt or two excepted, since the Augustan age, it may serve to repel American readers from such matter, at once and permanently. "Together" is a study of married life in this generation, and of the eight or ten pairs presented as examples of contemporary civilization and happiness, one and only one fulfils the definition of the colloquial "respectable," that is to say is virtuous, and in pure perversity, Mr. Herrick makes the clear-sighted, devoted wife so fat, and the rigidly upright, clever husband so ungaily, that their physical characteristics half obscure their essential excellence. As for the others, the heroine's brother, having eloped with a married woman and repented, prevents his sister from imitating him by compelling her lover to shoot him; the lover has previously played his part with a deliberate lady married to her husband under a tolerant agreement not to make a public scandal howsoever great the provocation,—and he returns to her after the heroine casts him aside. Still the experiences of these folk, ugly as they are, do not make the book immoral, but the behavior of a husband and father, a man almost painfully high-minded in professional affairs, and a wife and mother loftily conscientious to the last delicate refinement: these two, perceiving the mistakes of their neighbors, and elegantly disapproving, go away to spend two days and nights alone in a woodland camp to "round out their lives," and return in a state of supreme self-

satisfaction, and henceforth look down with pity upon their less politic neighbors. But for these two, utterly absurd as they are to any one possessing the most rudimentary sense of humor, Mr. Herrick's chapter, summarizing the character of that American emancipated woman who marries "to be Queen, to rule and not to work," could be taken as relegating the conduct of the heroine and her set to the position of mere examples of an evil principle. But for these two, the gradual enlightenment of the heroine as to wifely duty might be edifying, but that she, a woman who is ashamed of having approached sin, should regard herself as inferior to a confessed and rejoicing sinner is impossible. No woman could be deceived by the sinner's allegation of exquisitely rare motives. Side by side with the marriage question, runs that of the principles upon which business is conducted and here, as in his earlier books, Mr. Herrick is the skilful, eloquent advocate of unflinching honesty; apt to show the evil of swerving by a hair from the straight path, clear-eyed in distinguishing noisy reform and steadfast rectitude, and not afraid to show that "in their generation," the children of light are often trampled down by the children of mammon. Also he justly and finely pictures the old-fashioned business man; the village dweller of the wide mind and true heart; and the physician who has wrought his soul into his professional work and made himself a power for physical redemption in spite of his superficial theology. This may be held by some to balance the evil teaching of the story as far as violation of marriage vows is concerned, but pitch is not the less pitch when balanced in the scales by alabaster. The Macmillan Company.